

THE
EARL OF DOUGLAS,
A N
ENGLISH STORY.

VOL. I.



T H E
EARL OF DOUGLAS,
A N
ENGLISH STORY.
FROM THE
F R E N C H
OF THE
COUNTESS D'ANOIS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

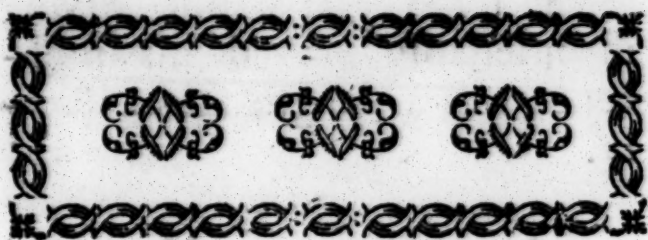
BY THE TRANSLATOR OF
DORVAL; OBSERVATIONS ON THE
GREEKS; CHRISTIANA, QUEEN
OF SWEDEN, &c. &c.

VOL. I.

L Y N N:

Printed by W. WHITTINGHAM;
And sold by R. BALDWIN, Paternoster-Row,
LONDON. MDCCLXXIV.





T H E
EARL OF DOUGLAS,
A N
ENGLISH STORY.

I N the reign of *Henry VII.* king of *England*, *George Nevill*, earl of *Abergavenny*, had the misfortune to be suspected an accomplice with *William de la Pole*, earl of *Suffolk*: he was seized, and committed to the Tower, where he remained pri-
Vol. I. B soner

soner some years; but having incontestably proved his innocence was at length set at liberty.

THE warmth of resentment for a disgrace he so little deserved, and the many disagreeable consequences that attended it, affected him so strongly, that, if with honour he could have disengaged himself from the duty he owed his country, he would gladly have finished his days in *France*; but finding no plausible pretext for leaving the kingdom, he resolved, however, to have his nephew, *Roger*, earl of *Warwick*, educated at *Paris*. This young nobleman was the son of a brother, lately deceased, whose dying request recommended him to his care. A very favourable opportunity enabled him to execute

cute his plan. *Henry VIII.* was now upon the throne. *Mary*, his sister, was a finished beauty. The king had artfully rejected several advantageous proposals of marriage from the neighbouring monarchs, by a reluctance to part with so bright an ornament to his court, till the duke of *Longueville*, who was taken prisoner by *Henry*, at the battle of *Spurs*, endeavoured to negotiate a match with the Princess *Mary*, and his master *Louis XII.* The *English* monarch listened with rapture to the proposal, and the *French* one was so charmed with the lady's portrait, that he immediately dispatched an envoy, who concluded both a peace and a marriage within a fortnight, and conducted the princess to *Boulogne*.

THE earl of *Abergavenny* prevailed with this ambassador to take his nephew as one of the princesses pages, who not being more than eleven years old, passed unobserved in her train.

THE king sent the *Count de Angauleme* to receive the princess, and espouse her by proxy. This prince, whose person was particularly pleasing, executed his commission with so much wit and gallantry, that the young queen could not forbear letting a sigh of tender recollection escape her.—The earl was not insensible to the charms of the beautiful *Mary*; the flame was kindled in his heart, which was only awakened in hers; and possibly he might have indulged this amorous pursuit still farther, had it not being checked in its course
by

by Chancellor *du Pratt*; who tried to move him on the side of interest and policy; but perceiving these were things he regarded with contempt, and that his imagination was too much heated to be guided by reason, he ventured to trust him with the new queen's attachment to the duke of *Suffolk*, which at once cooled his ardour.

THE king waited at *Abbeville* for his royal partner, where their nuptials were celebrated with the utmost magnificence. Six weeks after their entry into *Paris*, *Louis* died in the Palace of *Toumelles*. The queen declaring herself not with-child, the Count *de Angaulesme* ascended the throne, by the title of *Francis I*. She was permitted to marry the duke of *Suffolk*, who was

B 3 sent

sent by *Henry* to attend the queen into *England*.

THE earl of *Warwick*, by his uncle's order, continued at *Paris*, and was honoured with the same post he had enjoyed in the queen's household. He attended at an interview between the king's of *England* and *France*, who were indisputably the most accomplished and gallant princes of the age: their courts were equally brilliant and magnificent. Tournaments and runnings at the ring, in honour of the ladies, drew from all parts of *Europe*, persons of the first fashion, to be spectators, or competitors in these royal amusement; and the camp between *Guesnes*, and *Ardres*, was called from its splendor, the *Pavillion of Cloth of Gold*.

AMONG

AMONG the numerous beauties that graced the circle, the countess of *Lorge* had the satisfaction of observing the looks and admiration of the company were not divided. Lady *Eliza Montgomery*, her daughter, bore the prize of beauty from all her companions. The earl of *Warwick*, then turned of fifteen, was so struck with her incomparable beauty, he was ready to sink when his uncle acquainted him that *Henry* insisted on his taking leave of the king of *France*, with proper acknowledgments of his kindness, and returning immediately to *England*. Not in a situation to oppose the command of *Henry*, or the will of his uncle, the young earl, notwithstanding his regret, was obliged to obey, without the consolation

solation of convincing her of the sincerity of his passion.

HE embarked in the royal fleet, impressed with an idea of the fair *Eliza*, so full of tenderness and sensibility, as from the moment of departure banished tranquillity from his breast.

THE two monarchs separated so mutually satisfied with each other, that nothing was talked of but the harmony and grandure of the late congress. Amongst the noblemen who had been most lavish in expence on that occasion, was the duke of *Buckingham*. But Cardinal *Wolfey*, the king's favourite, having learnt that, before he left *London*, the duke expressed some dislike to an expedition so unnecessary and expensive, resolved to

to avail himself of that circumstance, to compass his ruin; considering him as an obstacle to his ambitious designs. Accordingly, no sooner was the king arrived, than the cardinal accused the duke of *Buckingham* of high treason. *Henry* surprised and irritated, wrote to him to come instantly and clear himself of the accusation:—he was put under an arrest the moment he appeared, with his son-in-law, the earl of *Abergavenny* and though a loyal subject, the cardinal gratified his vengeance. The unfortunate duke lost his head upon a scaffold; and Lord *Abergavenny* was not released of some months, with the entire forfeiture of his estate.

MISFORTUNES, so heavy, induced him to send the earl of
Warwick

Warwick back to *France*, dread lest the king's severity of temper, or rather the blind submission he paid to *Wolsey's* opinion, should plunge his family in fresh calamities, tempted him to take the liberty of addressing *Francis I.* to shelter his nephew again under his protection. That monarch graciously consented, and the earl, constant to the remembrance of Lady *Eliza Montgomery*, was transported with joy, to see her at court in the rank of one of the queen's maids of honour. His sole study was to gain her affection; he devoted himself entirely to her service; and his perseverance flattered him, very justly, with the hope of a tender return from his amiable fair one.

WOLSEY

WOLSEY was setting all his political engines at work to enable him to wreak his fury on the Emperor *Maximilian*.—He wished to mortify the emperor by engaging his master in a treaty of marriage with *Marguerite*, one of the madames of *France*. But love was industrious in destroying that machination. *Henry* became passionately enamoured of *Anne Boleyn*, daughter to Sir *Thomas Boleyn*, appointed maid of honour to the Princess *Mary*, on her marriage with *Louis*, and who was now returned to her native country: the singular elegance of her person, animated with a brilliant turn of wit, enchanted the susceptible monarch to such a degree, that he fancied he could not exist without her—that all his happiness was centred in her smiles.—The
 resistance

resistance with which she repulsed his amorous solicitations, determined him to take her to his throne: he omitted nothing to prevail with the pope to dissolve his marriage with *Queen Catherine*; and the firmness of the pontiff in refusing his consent to this unjust action, inflamed him so violently, that it became the final cause of the reformation.

HENRY went to *Boulogne*, where the royal family of *France* met him, and repeated assurances passed of reciprocal friendship. The true motive of the king of *England's* voyage was to complain of the pope's inflexibility, and to engage *Francis* to solicit his holiness to summons a council for the prosecution of his divorce.

THE

THE earl of *Warwick's* sol-
citude and attachment to the fair
Montgomery, had so strongly
convinced her of his merit and
affection, that she agreed to his
addressing the king and queen
for their consent. This lady,
since her mother's death, de-
pended entirely upon her majes-
ty ; the earl was no longer un-
der the guardianship of his re-
lations, and the alliance he
sought was so honourable, that
it met with general approbation.
He obtained with facility from
his royal benefactress a gift, in
his estimation, preferable to the
universe itself! Their nuptials
were celebrated at *Calais*, and
nothing could exceed the diver-
sions and splendour that accom-
panied them : the two kings ri-
valled each other in conferring
honours and presents on the no-

ble pair, and they attended *Henry* into *England*.

THE king's passion for *Anne Boleyn*, augmented in proportion to the obstacles he had to encounter. He married her, and they were directly crowned at *Westminster*; but when the pope's bull was fulminated from *Rome*, he grew frantic!—He declared himself *supreme head of the church*, and became the persecutor of those whose doctrines he had defended. Every day was ushered in with the execution of persons of all ranks and sexes, in the cause of religion; and his wrath extended to the profanation of relicks, burning those of *Becket* at *Canterbury*. The earl of *Exeter*, brother to Cardinal *Pole*, and *Edward Nevil*, Lord *Courtenay*, animated
with

with zeal and indignation, ventured to remonstrate to his majesty on the severity of his conduct. Their heads paid the price of their temerity; and as the earl of *Warwick* was of near kindred to Lord *Courtenay*, he was accused of disrespectful murmurings; which, however false, made it necessary to leave the kingdom with expedition, to avoid an ignominious death.—

Those branches of his family, who were more anxious about their lives and estates, than their consciences and honours, conformed with servile submission, to the will of the sovereign.—

They embraced his religion, and through policy, avowed themselves the bitterest enemies to the earl of *Warwick*. His estate was confiscated—but what touched him more than all his afflictions, was the

necessity of a separation from one of the most charming and virtuous women in the world. With her he left an only daughter, named *Julia*, of two years old: and, recommending in the tenderest terms this precious pledge of their union to her care, he informed her of his resolution to go to *Venice*, then at war with the *Turks*; that the *Pope*, the *Emperor*, and the *Doge*, had just concluded a treaty against *Solyman*——That now was the time to acquire fame, or find a glorious death!

THE countess, drowned in tears, could scarcely support her spirits at this melancholy parting, from a husband so infinitely dear! yet she would not exert her influence to detain him, terrified as she was, with the danger

ger he was exposed to in staying longer; and convinced that he could hope for no advantages in a country where his religion was an insurmountable bar to preferment: she was sensible the earl was now at a time of life when a man of spirit reproaches himself for inactivity and ease; and her virtue and fortitude, taught her to approve what her love lamented.

A FAVOURABLE wind soon wafted him to *Venice*; he was received by the Admiral *Capello*, with evident testimonies of esteem, wakened by a former acquaintance with the house of *Warwick*: he went with him to *Corfou*, where they joined the squadrons of the pope and the emperor: a council of war was held, when it was debated whe-

ther they were strong enough to bear down upon the enemy immediately? It was carried in the affirmative. The *Turks* were surprized at the impetuosity of the confederates, and undetermined whether to engage or not? When the intrepid *Barbarossa* resolved to repair by some memorable action the disgrace he had sustained in his former retreat from *Corfou*.

CAPELLO commanded the first division, and the enemy was no sooner in sight, than, inspired with a noble emulation, he crowded all his sail to attack them: he repeated his fire so successfully, they were compelled to retire. Prince *Doria*, perceiving the advantage gained by the *Venetian* admiral, advanced with his squadron, apparently to second

cond the attack; but without any discoverable reason, tacked about, and retreated to *Cape Cal.*

THIS disappointment was very sensibly felt by the allies, who broke into loud complaints, and the *Turks* observing them slacken their sails, on a sudden, came out of the Gulf, and formed a line of battle; but the irresolution and doubts of the confederates, prevented an engagement, so that *Barbarossa*, and the famous Corsair *Dragut Rais*, had time to gain the shore, whilst the allies reflected with astonishment on the glorious opportunity they had lost: *Cypello*, and the Patriarch *Grimani*, blushing with shame and anger, got on board a light frigate, and went in pursuit of *Doria*, whom they intreated

treated to join in taking the advantages fortune offered to their acceptance. Let us go my lord, said the *Venetian* admiral, let us go where glory calls us; let us attack our half-vanquished enemies, who demonstrate their fear by their flight.—I wait but for your orders.—The cry was now to engage. *Doria* ashamed of being the only person who retarded their eagerness, gave orders to begin the fight, and a second time retreated, in the moment when all things seemed to promise success.

DRAGUT RAIS, seeing two *Venetian* galleys in the rear of the fleet, at some distance, endeavoured to board them: the earl of *Warwick*, unfortunately for him, was in one of these vessels. The resistance he made was the admiration

admiration of both parties.—
Nature, exhausted by extraordinary efforts of courage, at length sunk under superior numbers. Some soldiers, who swam on shore, carried with them the news of his death. The commanders and officers who had been witnesses to his gallantry, were exceedingly afflicted; and as fame redoubles her blast for the conveyance of bad news, and the countess of *Warwick's* anxiety industriously sought every opportunity of information, she was too soon acquainted with her irreparable loss. This tender wife, unable to resist the storm of grief, that assaulted her in its most dreadful fury, was sensible her last hour was approaching; and having no farther attachment to the world, after being deprived of what was
dearer

dearer to her than life, felt no regret but in the thought of leaving her lovely infant, who in its early dawn gave the promise of exquisite beauty. The afflicted mother caught her in her arms, tears trickling down the lillies of her cheeks, O, my dear *Julia*! my sweet innocent! what will become of thee! said the dying fair one, where wilt thou find a father's care? where a mother's fondness! Alas! thy father is no more!—and thy mother is thine but a few hours! I leave thee at an age when thou standest most in need of maternal affection—but I trust that providence will take care to guard thee from dangers to which I leave thee exposed.—To the supreme protector of all things I commit thee. Saying this, she raised her eyes towards *Heaven*, beseeching

seeking its protection on the smiling infant.

IN this agony of distress, the earl and countess of *Douglas* came to visit her, in her retirement, which she had never quitted since her lord's departure. They were persons of uncommon merit, and had always been regarded as their best friends; there was even some affinity between the houses of *Douglas* and *Montgomery*, the former the most illustrious family in *Scotland*, but particular subjects of discontent occasioned the earl of *Douglas* to settle in *England*, when he married a daughter of the earl of *Bedford's*, a woman of worth and understanding; they were both in very good favour with the king.

THIS

THIS interview was distressful beyond conception. Their sighs and tears a long time denied them the power of speech, and when they beheld the situation of the countess, their sorrow had no bounds.

At length, exerting his utmost fortitude, the earl said all he thought capable of soothing her distress, if not of allaying its poignancy. She pressed his hand to her heart, and bursting into sighs and exclamations, that must have affected persons indifferent to her woes. Ah! Sir, said she, there is the mortal wound. It is impossible for me to recover,—let, us, I beg of you, waste no more of the *little* time I have to live. Heaven seems to have sent you, turning towards the countess, to contribute to my repose.
I have

I have a favour to ask—if you grant it to my request, I shall die without regret; I know the goodness and generosity of both so well, I venture to assure myself, I shall not be refused? O, my dear madam, interrupted the earl and countess, with impetuosity, depend!—be assured nothing will appear difficult that can afford you the least consolation!—Explain your wishes with entire certainty of our compliance? Alas! resumed she, how shall I be able to express my gratitude, if your benevolence leads you as I intreat, and even hope it may, to receive my dear child! and adopt her for your own. This poor little one loses every thing in me! she is on the point of falling into the hands of her uncles, who to make their court to the king, will educate

VOL. I.

D

her

her in his new doctrine. I am well acquainted with your zeal for the antient religion, and was I to separate the motives of friendship for my husband, and the regard you always expressed for the interest of my child, the consideration of the more material concerns of salvation, would induce me to believe you will take all imaginable pains to conceal her birth, and let her pass for your daughter. Our blood flows in the same channel, you are not a native subject of the king's; so that his severity cannot extend to you; and you Sir, are the only person to whom I can confide my darling treasure without apprehensions for her eternal happiness.

THE earl of *Douglas* said every thing that could be expected from

from a man of refined generosity, a tender relation, or a sincere friend.—The countess assured Lady *Warwick*, that the little *Julia* should divide her affection with her two children, *Hyppolitus* and *Lucilla*, or if there was any distinction, she should be still dearer. I can find no language expressive of my feelings, replied Lady *Warwick*, how is it possible to answer such amazing obligations! I accept for my dear infant the kindness you promise, and I beg leave to deposit in your hands, madam, what jewels I have, that they may supply her necessities whenever she may want them; do me the justice to believe, that by this legacy I do not mean to distrust your generosity, I am persuaded, in that particular, as well as in the expence of her education,

tion, you will omit nothing suitable to her birth; but since I have them, it would be injustice to deprive her of what properly appertains to her. In finishing these words, she presented a small casket that stood by the bed-side, which contained jewels to the value of six thousand pounds: there is all that is left of a noble fortune, said she, letting fall some tears, a very inconsiderable provision for a girl of family, and who, I believe, will not be deficient in spirit and sentiment; but as virtue is the most solid possession, I hope she will never be deprived of that, which is scarcely possible under your hospitable roof. As to the rest, when she is of age to be trusted with a secret, inform her, I conjure you (madam) whose daughter she is, shew her the pictures of
of

of her parents, which I now give you—let her know the extreme tenderness with which we loved her—and engage her to pay those honours to our memory, which filial duty would have suggested the observance of, had not the Almighty thought proper to take us to himself.

SHE ceased speaking; her eyes bathed in tears, she embraced her little daughter a thousand times; then, stretching her hands to the earl and countess of *Douglas*, she bid them the last adieu! It is time for you to leave me, said she. in a fainter voice, it will be late before you get to *London*, and whatever satisfaction I have in beholding you, my friends, we must part! —I am sensible my strength declines;—I must employ all

D 3

that

that is left in preparing for the last scene.

THE noble pair were so sunk in grief, that they wept without being able to answer her, or to resolve to leave her; but before they could recollect how to act, the dying mother, whose presence of mind was always uncommon, expressed her uneasiness in what manner they could convey her daughter without being perceived by some or other of the domesticks, which would be hazarding their acquainting her uncles where she was: after a few moments reflection, she determined to trust her confessor, a man upon whose secrecy she could depend, and with his concurrence, the nurse, who was a good catholick, might spread

spread a report that she died of convulsions.

AFTER these measures were settled, they comforted Lady *Warwick* with the most cordial promises of care and tenderness to the lovely orphan. They were obliged to be cautious in enquiries after they left her, lest their solicitude should awaken suspicion in the minds of her relations. In about five days they received intelligence from the confessor of her death, and the place where the child was secreted. The countess of *Douglas* brought it from thence, and what enabled her perfectly to conceal the mystery, was the death of an infant daughter of the same age that had been nursed in the country. When the little *Julia* was introduced into her mama's apartment,

ment, for so we must now call the countess of *Douglas*, her son, *Hyppolytus* was present, then seven years old, and remarkably handsome and sensible. He appeared delighted with his new sister; and *Lucilla*, who was about four, was not half so great a favourite: this partiality increased daily; he was never easy out of her sight. The emotions of the heart are very apparent during infancy, when the language of nature is only heard—it spoke in a thousand little affluities towards *Julia*, who at twelve years old promised a compleat model of perfection in mind and person, that attracted general admiration; her figure was tall and genteel; her air majestic, yet softened with modesty and sweetness. The lustre of her fine black eyes dazzled the beholders.

beholders. The smiling graces played round the roses of her lips, and lilly whiteness of her teeth and complexion, the latter tinged with the animated blush of Guido's Aurora! Her fair hair flowed in a profusion of natural ringlets, setting off the delicacy of her beauty. The fine turn of her neck and feet, even exceeded that elegance peculiar to the *English* ladies. Her movement in walking and dancing, was inimitable. Her voice was harmony itself, enchanting the listening ear. The manly beauty of *Hyppolitus* was equally worthy of regard. His shape, his features, his intelligent countenance; a noble frankness, connected with manners polite and complacent, an understanding enlarged and improved; —all these were so conspicuous,

ous, that to see him was to honour! to esteem! to love. *Lucilla* had a great deal of wit and chearfulness, and where *Julia* was not present, would have been allowed superior in charms to most of her sex.

THESE three young persons lived in the strictest friendship, till at length *Hyppolytus* began to lose his vivacity, and *Julia* to fall into deep musing. They could not bear the shortest separation, and would fly in search of each other, but when found, they would only suppress a sigh, and be at a loss for words.

They would look whole hours in silent languishment, and seemed lost in this innocent pleasure; — when a sudden recollection would mount the blood into their cheeks. They would fix their eyes

eyes on the ground in profound meditation.

YET the days appeared too short to satisfy their impatience of seeing and conversing with each other; and absence always made them sensible their whole happiness was centred in the pleasure of meeting again. *Lucilla's* playful disposition often tempted her to rally them. Brother, said she, to *Hyppolytus*, you love my sister better than you do me; as her elder, I have a right to be jealous;——but I will honestly confess that I can't complain of the justice of your preference, for tho' I love you very much, I verily believe she loves you still more! Don't believe her, *Hyppolytus*, said the blushing *Julia*, we have both of us an equal regard for you! And why,

why, my dear sister, will you damp the joy I have, in hearing that you love me? *Julia* was too much embarrassed to reply, and fell into her usual thoughtfulness; whilst *Hyppolytus* was silent from grief and chagrine; and *Lucilla*, who looked at both with astonishment, was at a loss to form any conjecture of the cause.

It happened one day, when the earl and countess were at a fine house of their's at *Buckingham*, *Julia* was walking with her brother and sister by the side of a lake, she had an inclination to row to a little island in the centre, to look at a swans nest: no sooner had she expressed her desire, *Hyppolytus* run with eagerness to unloose a small boat tyed to the foot of a tree, and
rowing

rowing it towards his sisters, took them in. But not knowing how to manage the oars, they were soon entangled amongst the rushes; the ladies were frightened at finding the boat lean too much on one side, and, in hopes of poising it, threw themselves so suddenly on the other, that it overset; and they were in imminent danger of being drowned. Had *Hyppolitus* been alone, he could easily have saved himself, but in such situations the effort to assist the person we love, banishes all selfish considerations.—He thought of nothing but his dear *Julia*, and tenderness supplying him with fresh strength and skill in swimming, he caught hold of her cloaths, and drew her safe to the little island, which was not very distant: but there is no describing the excess of his grief when

VOL. I.

E

he

he saw her eyes closed, and her face covered with a mortal paleness:—she was motionless, and as we are apt to believe, what we most dread, he did not doubt her being gone for ever:—Ah wretch that I am! said he, my unskilfulness has caused her death! she was breathless before I could draw her from the water! *Julia*, my dear *Julia*! what will be my fate! Saying this, he caught her in his arms in all the agonies of woe, and laying his cheek to her's, his loud exclamations, and streaming tears, soon recovered her from a swoon that fear alone had occasioned.

OPENING her lovely eyes, and fixing them upon those of *Hypopolitus*, who in this moment felt his own life renewed. You seem deeply affected, my dear brother, said she, can you think me worthy

thy of being regretted by you? Or ought I myself to regret leaving life? Ah, my dearest sister, said he, embracing her, I beg you not to recall to my remembrance that we must ever part. —If you knew the exquisite torture I have suffered from this apprehension, you would pity me! Before *Julia* could reply, they saw a boat, which the earl of *Douglas* had sent to bring them over the lake; for by a peculiar providence in favour of *Lucilla*, his lordship passed by at the very moment the boat over-set, and his attendants jumped into the water to save her, otherwise she must inevitably have perished; for notwithstanding the real tenderness of her brother, his soul had been so engrossed by *Julia's* danger, he never once thought of his sister's!

On their landing, the earl and countess reprimanded them with some warmth on running such hazards, and as *Lucilla's* sensibility was alarmed by her brother's indifference on this occasion, she could not forbear expressing a little resentment.——

“ Indeed, said she, I had all the danger to myself —— When my sister is in company, she may depend on my brother's care of her, but as for me, I don't know who I have to depend upon!”——

This reproach disconcerted them both extremely; and at the same time explained to Lord and Lady *Douglas*, what inattention had hitherto prevented them from observing. They looked at each other in a manner expressive of surprize and vexation. They had long disposed of *Hypolitius* in their own imagination, to the
only

only daughter of the earl of *Argyle*; a rich heiress, and his near relation. The earl purposed sending *Hyppolitus* to *Edinburgh*, to wait upon the lady and win her affection. There was also a scheme to marry *Julia* to the earl of *Bedford*, of the same family with the countess, who had expressed a very particular regard for that young beauty.

THEY were no sooner alone than they eagerly started their doubts——Good God! can it be possible, that *Hyppolitus* entertains sentiments for *Julia* different from those of fraternal affection. They recollected a thousand circumstances that seemed to reveal it—and it was resolved between them, the countess should take the first opportunity of talking with *Julia*, without

the appearance of premeditation.

—One morning she went into her daughter's apartments and found *Hyppolitus* kneeling by *Julia's* bed-side, who was still sleeping. "You are grown a remarkably early riser Sir, said the countess, in a severe tone, but you might employ your hours much more advantageously at your studies, than in coming perpetually into your sister's chamber! *Hyppolitus* retired very sorrowfully; and the countess addressing her daughters, told them, that though they ought to have the tenderest regard for their brother, and as far as her authority extended, she commanded them to have it, yet she did not think it consistent with propriety and decorum, now they were above the state of infancy, to suffer too great familiarity.

That

That she always wished to cultivate the strictest friendship amongst her children, but that the difference of sex required a delicate degree of circumspection. *Lucilla* declared her implicit obedience.—*Julia* looked upon the ground and blushed: the countess's reprimand augmented her melancholy, which, however great her solicitude to conceal, was but too apparent.

SHE spent part of every day in her closet, and sitting one evening at the window, saw the earl of *Bedford* coming up the avenue, that led to the house. She had always thought his conversation disagreeable, but her present disposition made her unable to support the thoughts of it: she hurried into the garden to avoid him;—and that being very extensive,

extensive, ran through the walks to gain a little wood at the bottom; and still fearing the servants might be sent in search of her, she entered a grotto, not less agreeable for its coolness, than from the wild rock-work with which it was ornamented, and the elegant statues artfully disposed in niches at proper intervals;—a noble sheet of water at one end, constantly sparkled amongst the pebbles below, and preserved the freshness of the moss that bordered the fountain. Opposite was an alcove, covered with woodbines, whose sweetness and shade were adapted to the taste of the pensive *Julia*; she here abandoned herself to the most gloomy reflections; when *Hyppolitus*, induced by pretty near the same motives, came to seek in the same place, an asylum from

from the fatigue of entertaining a large party of company who were come to visit the earl.

HE threw himself on the ground without seeing *Julia*, leaning his head against part of the rock—and remained for some time plunged in unutterable sorrow.—At length, breaking out at once, “*Julia!* my dear *Julia!* he exclaimed, since the passion I have for you is forbid by *Heaven!* since I am guilty of a crime in adoring you, and it is much more eligible to me to die, than cease to love you, I will die!—the innocent victim of an involuntary flame I have not been able to extinguish!”—In a transport of despair, he drew his sword, turning the point towards his breast—when *Julia* shrieked out, O, my brother!—holding
his

his arm, what means this frenzy? what fatal madness has possessed you? *Hyppolitus*, abashed and surprized, sunk down at her feet; and after he could recover himself enough to speak:—Sister, said he, I am no longer master of my secret;—chance has informed you of it;—what astonishes me is, that knowing the just cause of my despair, your compassion should desire me to live.—I am undeserving of your goodness, my dear *Julia*, however involuntary my crime;—notwithstanding I have omitted no endeavours to regulate my affection, and restrain it within the bounds of duty.—The baneful star that rules my destiny opposes its influence to my efforts;—finding resistance vain, I determined to put an end to my
woes

woes by a violent remedy, when you prevented me!

ALAS! replied *Julia*, alas my brother! that star you complain of has extended its malignity to me!—in being sensible of your own misfortune, be sensible of mine!——*Hyppolitus* I love!—I love too well for a sister!—I confess it—and hope to merit part of your pity, by giving you all mine;—and by resolving never to see you more?—Yes, my brother, I will retire to a convent and conceal my shame and misery from the world—I would have even concealed it from you, but where was the possibility, in the situation I surprized you, of refusing this last consolation? *Hyppolitus* was so enraptured with the sound of his dear *Julia's* voice, that he had
lost

lost his own. He continued in silence at her feet, his eyes rivetted on her's.—In spite of timidity, he at length faltered out these words,——I will not oppose a resolution so generous; whatever pain I suffer in loving you for ever—in seeing you immured within the walls of a cloister;—my heart will find a degree of comfort in thinking you will not be the wife of the earl of *Bedford*.—Ah! interrupted *Julia*, is he the only exception you would wish to make? Alas! my sister, rejoined *Hypolit*, do not oblige me to explain myself further—but be assured, on my side, that I will never change my manner of life—which, from the moment our separation commences, will be so deplorably miserable, as not to be of long duration. *Julia* could

could only answer by heavy sighs—they both melted into tears.—Brother said she, gazing tenderly upon him, it is over, we must meet no more.—Alas! my dear *Julia*, it is a pleasure I dare not, must not wish!—Let us strive to conceal our unfortunate attachment from the world, resumed she, and if possible, from ourselves!—Saying this, she arose, and went out of the grotto, without looking at *Hyppolitus*, who beheld her depart without daring to detain her.

HER depression of spirits would not allow her to enter the drawing-room till very late, knowing she should find the earl of *Bidford* there; and it was to her an addition of misery to listen to a declared lover, for whom she had the most perfect indifference;

she carefully avoided any particular conversation, and he returned to *London* the same evening.—*Julia* passed the night in the utmost distress;—her amazement was beyond expression, when she reflected on her brother's sentiments, and her own. Good *God!* said she, weeping bitterly, what have we done to deserve, young as we are, so rigorous a punishment? She rose very early, without once closing her eyes, dressed herself with speed, and knowing Lady *Douglas* was in her closet, went in trembling, and threw herself on her knees.—This action surprized her:—Well, *Julia*, said the countess, tenderly, what occasions this supplicating posture?—Madam, the desire of obtaining a favour, which I venture to intreat you will not refuse: I am now in
my

my sixteenth year,——I am your youngest daughter, and can expect no great fortune;——I don't feel the least inclination for being settled in the world, but have a very strong one for a religious life; so, my dear madam, if the wish I have to go to *France* is not displeasing to you, I beg you will consent, and that you will persuade my father; and then either he or you will place me in a convent. My child, said the countess, a good deal affected, have you sensibly considered the consequences of this request? It would be a sad affair if you should deceive yourself by mistaken appearances.——You are yet so young, that you ought to take more time in a matter of such importance.——*Julia* repeated with amazing fortitude, that she had weighed every thing

very maturely, and was thoroughly convinced she should never repent. Lady *Douglas* promised to use her influence with her lord, to engage his approbation.

SHE did not delay a moment to acquaint him with *Julia's* petition; I accuse myself for believing *Hyppolitus* and *Julia* are in love with each other. The poor child is far gone in another passion;—she has a mind to be a nun! and I come to consult with you, my lord, how we are to act on this occasion? she requests, that one of us would fix her in a convent in *France*.—I don't see, said the earl, we have any right to refuse her this satisfaction! but if she continues to desire it, you madam, are the most proper person to accompany her.

her. But one step is necessary before all others, and that is, to inform her who she is, as the countess of *Warwick* recommended to us; and the confessor whom she entrusted with delivering her into your hands, is yet alive, to attest it. Lady *Douglas* very much approved the thought, and reflecting on the uneasy situation in which she had left *Julia*, immediately sent for her. My dear child, said she, your father and I have no other views than to render you happy—he consents to what you think will make you so; and has appointed me to conduct you to *France*; though with a sensible concern to us both, that we must be separated. *Julia* expressed her gratitude in the most affectionate terms, and after re-

turning her most humble thanks to the countess, withdrew.

ON returning to her chamber, she was told by *Lucilla* that *Hypolitus* wanted to speak to her in his dressing-room. He is so altered added she, that I am very much concerned to see him.— My dear sister you are his confident,—pray omit nothing to console him, for he seems to me in deep affliction! *Julia*, extremely affected with the scene that had passed with her mother, and still more with what she heard from *Lucilla*, hastened to the dressing-room, where she found *Hyppolitus* on a sofa, his face covered with a handkerchief; at her appearance he endeavoured to rise, but his strength failed, and he fell back on the sofa,—*Julia* advanced, and taking one of

of his hands, which she clasped in her's, looked at him for some time with eyes swimming in tears. Brother, said she, when able to speak, the situation I see you in, penetrates my heart,—I am already sufficiently wretched, without your adding new afflictions to those I suffer. Alas! how changed is your countenance! you are dying of grief, whilst I wish you to live.—I intreat you in the name of . . . — Ah! my dear sister, interrupted *Hyppolitus*, do not exert the empire you have over me by insisting on the preservation of a wretched being—rather think fate has decreed I must love you for ever, and that I dare not oppose its will.—That I am to see you no more, and that it will be criminal to endeavour to see you.—Reflect on the horror that

that threatens me; and suffer me to take shelter in the grave,—it is the only resource I have left,—and the only one I wish to find! My dear brother, said *Julia*, reason will recall you to your duty;—time and necessity will teach you to forget me.—*Hyppolitus*, letting his head recline upon his breast, and withdrawing the hand *Julia* yet held, did not answer a word.

SHE waited some time, and finding this mournful silence still continue, you are then determined my *Hyppolitus*, to indulge this despair? you will not even speak to me! Can you think me unworthy of commiseration? can you think me insensible to the sacrifice I make? (He remained silent, without lifting up his eyes) — You are resolved to die my dear

dear *Hyppolitus*?—let it be so!—let us die together,——I will no longer oppose it;——but your death must be speedy indeed if it precedes mine! Ah! my adored sister, he exclaimed, heaving a deep sigh, allow me to be the only victim!—You have, believe me, granted enough to duty: live my amiable *Julia*! why should you wish to die?—And may I not return the question?——cruel *Hyppolitus*! is it not your obstinacy that kills me? said she with indignation. *Hyppolitus* could not bear this reproach:—he suddenly threw himself at her feet, and kissing her fair hand, at last said—be appeased, my dearest sister, I from this moment resolve to pay an implicit obedience to your will, —and to convince you of it, I will now take some nourishment,
for

for I had sworn to abstain from food!—but promise to resign myself to your disposal.—*Julia*, extremely alarmed, called *Lucilla*, and begged her to get something for her brother to eat.—She would have flown herself with eagerness to supply him, but was in too great disorder to be seen by the family.

SHE repeated to *Hyppolitus* the conversation she had had with her mother,—the promise to carry her to *France*, and the necessary preparations making for the voyage.—Though *Hyppolitus* eat very moderately, yet even this caution did not prevent his being seized with a violent fever, of which he felt the first attack, the evening of this distressful day. *Julia* felt the keenest affliction in the miserable state she was

was in, she failed not to give him the most assiduous attendance; and her eyes more than her words, expressed to *Hyppolitus*, how much she was interested in his recovery;—but what at another time would have given him the greatest consolation, only served now, as fuel to his sorrow,—he would almost have preferred the aversion of *Julia* to the tenderness she discovered, and the virtuous girl was torn with the same conflicting sentiments.

THE report was soon propagated that *Julia* had determined to be a recluse. Those to whom she was the most indifferent, regretted it; and could not forbear testifying their amazement that a beauty so accomplished in mind and person, should devote herself

self to a convent ! But amongst those who lamented it most, was the earl of *Bedford*. He waited upon the earl of *Douglas* in *London*, where his family was, and assured him the passion he had for *Julia* was so ardent, and at the same time so disinterested, that if he would bestow on him so precious a gift, he desired no farther advantages,——that her birth and his fortune united, were sufficient to make *Julia* happy ; ——that all his desires centred in the felicity of her he adored, and that he must be the most miserable of mankind without her. My lord, replied to his compliment with all the politeness it demanded ; and then told him he should reproach himself, was he to deprive his daughter of the liberty of her choice *of life* ; that though a monastery was
what

what he had a peculiar dislike to, —yet he did not think he had a right to oppose her inclination ; that his lordship could be no stranger to the esteem and consideration he had for his person, as well as for the house of which Lady *Douglas* was a descendant ; that if he was able to transfer his regard to *Lucilla*, his eldest daughter, whose fortune was more considerable, he should think himself happy in the alliance. The earl thanked him as much as grief would give him leave, and retired very much mortified with the disappointment. In the mean time Lady *Douglas* had bought *Julia* every thing necessary for her new vocation, and acquainted her she might take leave of her friends, as she intended to be ready to sail to *France* in two days. — Whatever fortitude *Julia* had

collected it failed her in this extremity :—she went to her brothers apartment,——her heart ready to burst,—and tears in her eyes ;—he was gone to bed ;—she desired his servant to leave the room, and when they were alone sat down by the bed-side, beholding him with a look where sorrow was strongly painted, I am come at last, said she, my dear brother, I am come at last to bid you an eternal farewell ! O fatal sound ! an eternal farewell, is that possible ? She was silent, her voice was stifled with sighs.——*Hyppolitus*, crossing his arms, and lifting his eyes towards *Heaven*, answered in a tone scarcely articulated,——Alas ! my *Julia*, the moment is then arrived when we must part ! that moment so terrible to my imagination !—reason forbids me to persuade
you

you from a design which is the source of all the misfortunes of my life ;—nay, I will, if it be possible, conceal from your observation the anguish in which you leave me, lest pity should subdue your fortitude.—Yes, my dear sister, we must part,—*Heaven* has decreed it.—Ah ! *Julia ! Julia !* why am I your brother ? turning a side to conceal the tears that streamed from his eyes, but *Julia* unwilling to lose these marks of his tenderness, begged him to look upon her ! Ah ! do not envy me my dear *Hyppolitus*, said the affected fair one, the only consolation that is left ? let me behold your sorrow, —it cannot encrease mine, —but my heart tells me will rather sooth its violence.—O, cruel virtue !—austere duty !—tender sensibility,—O, thou, who

hast filled that heart with sentiment, it must not, dare not acknowledge! receive the sacrifice I make of passion and liberty! I am going to immure myself for the remainder of a wretched life;—will not that atone for self-reproach? After thus giving vent to the excess of her grief, she endeavoured to rise, but her strength, at that moment failing, she turned pale, a sudden chillness seized her,—she sunk down on a chair.—What was the situation of *Hippolitus* at this sight?—but she soon recovered from her fainting, and casting an agonizing look on the object of her woe,—adieu! dear *Hippolitus*! adieu! I have loved too much for your repose and mine;—adieu! my dearest sister, said he, embracing, and moistening her face with his tears:—

tears :——you leave me the most unfortunate and wretched of all human beings ;——death is my only hope.——*Julia* hastened to her chamber, and threw herself on the bed.

GRACIOUS *Heaven!* what a night to both! what a separation! what violence to hearts so attached! yet elevated and pure, their sentiments were incapable of transgressing the laws that duty required and enjoined.

JULIA, fatigued with having passed the night in tears and groans, was just fallen asleep when her maid came to tell her the countess wanted to speak with her. She immediately rose, and found her in her dressing-room with the earl and a priest ;——the countess desired her to shut

the door, and sit down:—my dear child, continued she, we have a circumstance—to acquaint you with that will greatly surprize you,——“ In regard to parental love and tenderness, *Julia*, you have had reason to believe yourself our daughter, but it becomes necessary to reveal a secret that regards you very essentially:—you are no farther allied to us, than by consanguinity between your mother and us, who was of the family of *Montgomery*. This is *her* picture,—and this is that of your father, *Roger*, earl of *Warwick*, son to the earl of *Salisbury*. There are likewise, six thousand pounds in jewels, which your excellent mother left in our hands for you;—and *Mr. Eaton*, who was her confessor, and with her in her last hour, is the person she intrusted to deliver you into

into our hands. It is now above thirteen years.—At the time when King *Henry*, infatuated with a passion for *Anne Boleyn*, threw off the papal supremacy; he afterwards condemned to lose her head, so great was his levity, and inconstancy to those he had loved the most.”

THE countess then related the particulars of the death of the earl and countess of *Warwick*, and the motives that induced the latter to request *Julia* might pass for her daughter. Had you been indeed our own (my dear child I must and ought ever to call you so) we could not have loved you more:—keep this secret, and take care of not communicating it to any person. You see that under the young King *Edward*, the *Catholicks* have more to fear
than

than ever;—your own interest, as well as the honour due to the memory of your noble parents, is a tie upon your religious sentiments.

JULIA,--disordered,--alarmed,--transported with a joy she strove to repress, falling at the feet of the countess, tenderly pressed her hands: “Madam, said she, the obligations I owe you are so much the more binding, as I am not your daughter! Had I been entitled to that honour, nature might have prompted you to give me the education I have received; but thus circumstanced, generosity alone could engage you to bestow it. Yet by this discovery, I lose all I valued most, in being deprived of appertaining to you,—you cease to be my mother. Alas! I have

I have no one now to bestow that fond appellation upon! *God* forbid, said the earl, who had been hitherto silent, *God* forbid we should ever cease to be your parents!—You will always possess that place in our hearts which your merit has secured,—and you ought my dear *Julia*, always to regard this house as your paternal one.—*Julia* thanked him in the most grateful terms, for this fresh proof of his friendship.—All the wonders she had heard were confirmed by *Mr. Eaton*, who could not restrain his tears in beholding *Julia*, the exact resemblance of her mother. In reality, she herself was so struck with this resemblance, when *Lady Douglas* presented the picture, that she could not forbear fancying they had stole her likeness, unknown to her

her. The earl desired *Julia* to take the casket into her own apartment, which she declined, begging they would keep it; he told her as the jewels were her own property, it was reasonable she should wear them, but added he, my dear daughter, it can only be for a short time, since we are to separate to-morrow,—and you will soon assume a dress very opposite to magnificence.—*Julia* blushed at these words and, retired in silence.

SHE flew into her closet, and finding herself at liberty, gave way to the pleasing emotions of her joy;—my *God!* cryed she, am I not the sister of *Hyppolitus*? *Heaven* has wrought this miracle to save me from impending ruin! —O what a wretch had I been if this discovery had been made

made a little later? when an irrevocable vow had robbed me for ever of the hope of uniting our destiny! How my heart reproaches me for concealing it a moment from my *Hyppolitus*! I know a thing in which he is sensibly interested, and I delay the communication! She ran to find him, her eyes darting their brightest lustre,—all animation and rapture;—whoever had seen her two hours before, could not have known her:—she entreated *Lucilla* to accompany her to pay a visit to *Hyppolitus*, whom they found so pale, dejected, and languid, from the effects of the fever, he could scarcely speak. They enquired how he did? he replied in a faint tone, very ill indeed! looking with astonishment, as well as vexation, on that appearance of gaiety, which

Julia

Julia was incapable of concealing; for you, sister, it is unnecessary to ask if you are in health; your countenance is a sufficient indication;—your eyes denote the most perfect satisfaction!—I never had so much reason to indulge it, said *Julia*, smiling.—What! you are going to leave us for ever, and that is a subject of peculiar felicity! yet, for pity's sake, have at least the complaisance to restrain these emotions of joy, and do not insult *Lucilla's* sorrow and mine;—alas, you will depart but too soon;—you will not be long persecuted with our importunate tenderness;—tomorrow is, I think, the fatal day we must bid one another an eternal adieu!

LUCILLA, observing *Julia* made no reply, and seemed to express,

express, by a look of significance, she had something to say to *Hyppolitus*, opened a window, and leaning out, left them free liberty of conversation. *Julia*, fixing her eyes on *Hyppolitus*, who appeared in the utmost discomposure at her unexpected cheerfulness, what delightful news have I to tell you, said she, you will want faith to believe its reality, it has so much the air of a fictitious history. I shall never doubt the truth of anything my *Julia* asserts, (replied *Hyppolitus*, with impatience)—but, my dear sister, what tale can be pleasing to him whose misfortunes are not in the power of fate to remedy? Were I to tell you I am not your sister, would that afford you any satisfaction? He was silent, raising his eyes to *Heaven*, with a look

VOL. I.

H

that

that implied his incredulity. *Julia* continued. I accuse myself for suffering you to languish thus, whilst I have it in my power to relieve you. Know then, my dear *Hyppolitus*, you are not my brother! She then gave a short detail of all she had learned, and shewed him the miniature and jewels.—Imagination cannot paint what passed in the heart of *Hyppolitus*.—At first, excess of joy deprived him of speech.—His eyes alone, spoke the various emotions with which his soul was agitated.—He held her hand, which he pressed with extasy; and remained a long time, as it were entranced. At length, like one who had passed from death to life—Oh! my charming *Julia*, he exclaimed, do not flatter my grief! Can what I hear be possible?

sible? Yet, how still more incredible to believe, that eyes so beautiful could kindle a criminal flame! What exquisite pleasure to abandon ones self to all the transporting movements the most ardent and respectful passion can inspire! Yet, say you participate in my happiness! Thou angel of my soul! say you are touched with it! Ah! can you doubt it my dear *Hyppolitus*! You are too well acquainted with the secrets of my heart to be ignorant of the effect this miraculous turn of fortune has produced. But, allow me to confess that my joy is incomplete;—you have long been destined for the heiress of *Argyle*.—Our inequality in fortune! Alas! after escaping dangerous rocks and quicksands, we shall perish in the port.

H 2

No

No *Julia*, said *Hyppolitus*, it would be an indignity to fortune to distrust her after what she has done in my favour. The road to happiness is open before us, provided you, my dear *Julia*, will act in concert with fortune? And yet, brother, (don't fancy I will drop the appellation at once?) what must be done to stop this horrid voyage which is fixed for to-morrow? consider everything is prepared, and think of my perplexity! Illness, seems your only plea, my *Julia*, the consequence of your surprize at being informed of these extraordinary events in which you are so deeply interested. This might be a plausible pretext for a few days, but my naturally healthy complexion, will betray me; there is an apparent difference between the reality and affectation of sickness, and

and I know not how to counterfeit. Let us begin by this method, said *Hyppolitus*, and we shall have time to contrive some other.

HERE *Lucilla* interrupted them.—Pray good people, said she, with a lively air, have a little consideration for me! do you suppose it a very entertaining amusement to divert my eyes with the passengers in the street for two hours? I am only too complaisant to you both! Ah *Lucilla*! said *Julia*, taking her hand, if you could keep the secret, how pleased should I be to repay your obliging behaviour, with the strongest mark of confidence! If I could keep the secret! repeated *Lucilla*, with a smile, you treat your eldest sister, abominably;—a little more re-

H 3. spect,

spect, *Julia*, or I shall demand justice of my brother.—The judge is already inclined to pass sentence against you, said *Hypopolitus*, obliging her to sit by him, I have no will but *Julia's*; —where can I expect to find an advocate then? I will plead your cause against myself, resumed *Julia*, for presuming to distrust your fidelity, —and for the future will conceal nothing from you. She then related her story with the utmost frankness, and whilst her penetration discerned the advantage it would be to engage *Lucilla* in their interest, received on this occasion the warmest professions of friendship from her amiable sister.—When the first moments of surprise were over, the reflection she was no more to call her by that name, occasioned a burst of tears.—

tears.—Alas ! said she, now the tie of consanguinity is broke, what reason have I to fear you will deprive me of your affection to place it on some more worthy object? And in what part of the world, my *Lucilla*, said *Julia*, pressing her to her heart, can I find that more worthy object?—I am well convinced it would be a vain pursuit.—Forbear to suspect me of the weakness of altering the sentiments I feel for you.—No, my *Lucilla*, be assured you will ever be unrivalled in my friendship; I have just given you an incontestible proof,—but I think it time for us to retire, for fear of being seen;—you know enough of our present designs.—Adieu *Hyppolitus*.

THE

THE ladies instantly retired, leaving him the most happy man alive; so transported with the great event, that his fever, which anxiety had occasioned, needed no other medicine than his present joy, and, notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he left his bed, much about the same time *Julia* retired to her's, in prosecution of the scheme they had formed; she darkened the windows of her chamber, and entreated *Lucilla* to assist in deceiving the earl and countess in regard to her illness, which was not very difficult to accomplish. The physicians not perceiving any fever, and observing her countenance indicated perfect health, were at a loss what to prescribe; *Julia* complained of excessive pain in her head, and groaned lamentably, whilst *Lucilla* asserted her

her sister suffered so much all the night, she was not able to close her eyes. No person doubted the truth, and the doctors at last declared it necessary for their patient to change the air, which occasioned her immediate removal to *Buckingham*.

THE happy *Hyppolitus* now tasted that unreprieved pleasure which had been hitherto a stranger to his heart; he abandoned it to the refinements of the most tender and delicate passion:—he did not lose a moment in absence from his beloved mistress. As the family were alarmed at her sickness, and wished to facilitate her recovery, they were industrious in studying to divert her, which furnished *Hyppolitus* with free liberty to converse with her at all hours of the day.

THE

THE earl and countess were under no apprehensions from this intimacy, because they believed her still determined to embrace a religious life, and that she only waited the return of health to set out for *France*. The earl of *Bedford* flattering his hopes that by continual assiduities he might prevail on *Julia* to alter her resolution, made frequent visits at *Buckingham*, neglecting nothing he thought capable of exciting her compassion; but she treated him with such cool indifference, as left him little reason to expect success; yet the tender *Hyppolitus*, could not forbear expressing his apprehensions one day when he found her walking alone in the little wood. Introducing a conversation of the earl of *Bedford*, I know he adores you, said he, that he glorifies

ries in being your captive, and makes no secret to the world of the honour he aspires to. I cannot be a witness to his intentions without suffering great perturbation;—were you acquainted with the chagrine attached to this imaginary pretension, said *Julia*, smiling, you would pity him: I behave to him in a manner that must soon disgust the most constant perseverance.

THEY continued walking, till coming to the entrance of the grotto, *Julia*, finding herself rather weary, went into rest a few minutes. Lady *Douglas*, who had thought of some little embellishments that might add to its beauty, had entered the grotto by a different path, to consider of them on the spot; seeing her children earnest in discourse, her
curiosity

curiosity was awakened to listen to their conversation:—her mind began to harbour some suspicions that *Julia*'s disorder was feigned; and she even feared *Hyppolitus* might be the cause of the objections raised to her departure.—She concealed herself behind one of the niches in an obscure corner of the grotto.

JULIA, sat down on a green bank, and *Hyppolitus* was going to kneel at her feet, when she cried out, I must not suffer you to take that uneasy attitude, sit here *Hyppolitus*. Ah charming *Julia*, said he, have you forgot that this is the very spot where you preserved my life? must I not kneel in testimony of my gratitude? Alas! what a dreadful hour do you call to my remembrance! I ought never indeed

indeed to forget it.—I ought much more than you to preserve the memory of it, interrupted *Hyppolitus*, for that moment so sad in your account of time, was charming in mine: it was then I drew a confession from that lovely mouth, you was not insensible to my ardour!—O, could I find words to express the effect that sweet confession produced in my soul!—the wildness of my despair, when I considered myself your brother, and could receive no advantage from a tenderness on which my life depended!—You would be more strongly convinced of the excess of the passion you inspired.—Ah! my dear *Hyppolitus*, said she, in a languishing voice, be satisfied with the sentiments I have in your favour, they are such as I ought to wish less fervent,

vent, but my heart will not listen to the remonstrances of reason ;—and I dread some consequences fatal to our tenderness were your relations to discover it.—Relations who have destined you to your cousin, they would certainly tear me from your sight, and perhaps *Hyppolitus*.—Alas ! perhaps your *Julia* might never see you more !——
O my soul's comfort, said he, forbear to disturb the sweetness I now enjoy, with these alarming predictions. Be persuaded I will cease to live rather than cease to be yours :—no power on earth can force me to disavow these sentiments. I am too well convinced of your constancy to doubt any thing you say, resumed *Julia*, but if your family should insist upon my going to *France*, and force me to take the veil,
what

what are we then to do?—Every thing, said *Hyppolitus* with emotion, rather than submit to injustice!—There are no extremities I would not hazard.—What! tamely see you sacrificed to the misfortunes of your house, under the mean pretext that fortune has refused her favours, when *Heaven* has graced you with every beauty, every virtue, that can adorn its most perfect work! to suffer you from so detestible a motive, to be entombed in a convent abhorrent to your own inclinations, and my peace? No, rather may that *Heaven*—raising his voice with indignation, and stepping forward, when perceiving the countess, Good God! he exclaimed aloud; *Julia* saw her at the same instant, and they stood petrified with astonishment.

LADY *Douglas*, who had no longer any measures to keep, advanced from the place of concealment, and looking on both with eyes sparkling with rage, I could not have thought *Julia*, a girl of superior rank would so indelicately have disposed of her heart without the consent of those on whom she depended! And as for you, *Hyppolitus*, who are well informed of our views for your establishment, and have rashly dared to form an attachment at the very instant every thing is concluded for a marriage with the heiress of *Argyle*! Saying this, she walked hastily away, without waiting a reply.

Who can represent the situation of the two lovers? never had they experienced a more unfortunate incident. *Hyppolitus*,
tenderly

tenderly approaching his *Julia*, she leaned upon his shoulder weeping: what will be our fate? Alas *Hyppolitus*! how terrible is the tempest breaking over our heads! all I foresee terrifies and distracts me! Ah! why did they not suffer me to continue in my error?—I should have been now in happy ignorance, secluded from the world! O do not regret the ray of bliss they have bestowed.—My dearest angel, our misfortunes are greatly magnified by your fears! a small exertion of fortitude will extricate us from these difficulties, and deliver us from the persecution they threaten. *Hyppolitus*, said she, I want neither resolution nor constancy, but my duty is yet dearer to me than my love,—be assured the latter will never be listened to when

the former speaks. And who, my charmer, requires any thing of you incompatible with duty? can there exist a passion more pure and respectful than mine? Be not alarmed with imaginary fears, at a time when mutual affection is necessary to support us against the opposition preparing. Kissing her fair hand, *Hippolitus* discovered by sighs, and emotions of tenderness and distress, the tumult that raged in his soul. It was already late.—Time, is easily forgot in the society of those we love; in *Cupid's* dial, hours are but minutes. They found it necessary to part, after repeated protestations of eternal constancy.

JULIA now thought herself at liberty to indulge her reflections at leisure, on the unlucky adventure

adventure of the day, and her future conduct to Lady Douglas: she had no sooner retired to her closet, than one of her women came to acquaint her, her ladyship desired to speak with her.— At this message she turned pale, and trembled as at the summons of death. She found the earl and countess with a very different aspect from what they had ever regarded her with:—*Julia*, said the countess, your sentiments are so opposite to that affection I flattered myself to have found in you, I can no longer bestow the fond appellation of daughter. Can it be possible, that in return for protecting and educating you as our own child, you should be so destitute of gratitude as to wish to ruin the fortune of *Hippolitus*, and tempt his heart to revolt against the obedience due to his
 .not father

father and me? to kindle a passion, you must be sensible, would incur our displeasure! to deceive us with a false pretence of religious retirement, when you was pursuing a plan to injure your benefactors! Are those principles of rectitude and sincerity we remarked and admired in you, totally eradicated? or were they only the shadow of virtues you never possessed?

THESE reproaches penetrated the heart of the fair *Julia* with the most lively grief,—she was so sensible of the remotest obligations of veracity and duty, that she considered it as the greatest outrage to her delicacy to be accused of the breach of either. The blush of modesty glowed upon her cheek, which resentment of this severe reprimand soon heightened to a deeper crimson.

son. Her downcast eyes were for some moments fixed on the ground, when suddenly raising them towards the countess, she answered with bashful, yet noble dignity: I can with truth assure you madam, ingratitude is a vice I am unacquainted with; and that the obligations I owe you are deeply imprinted in my memory, and on my heart. I will even confess these sentiments I have for *Hyppolitus* betrayed that unsuspecting heart. I believed I only loved him as a brother, and I am incapable of denying madam, what you already know, that a too tender regard made a more rapid progress, than I would have suffered had it been in my power to have foreseen it. But I was conscious of the evil when it was too late to seek a remedy.—I saw *Hyppolitus* in the
same

same situation; he protested with so much earnestness, his life depended on my resolve, that my own frailty seconded by the singular motives which interested me in his happiness, rendered me unable to refuse him some marks of sensibility; and if any thing fortified me in the indulgence I have shewn to his attachment and my own, it has been the consideration of not being altogether unworthy your alliance. It is true, madam, my fortune is contracted, but immoderate wealth does not always decide the happiness of our lives; and I have been taught to believe an union of hearts is a more indispensable ingredient. I have the honor of being allied to your family as well as the daughter of the earl of *Argyle*, whom you had destined for the wife of *Hypopolitus*;

politus; and, do you think madam, interrupted Lord *Douglas*, because my son and you have given way to mutual passion, it is a sufficient reason for expecting we should approve the connection? and that we must necessarily coincide with your scheme of happiness? But you have paid too great a compliment to the propriety of your sentiments! and for the future, I must beg you to consult your own satisfaction independently of mine, as your choice is 'circumscribed either to marry the earl of *Bedford*, or retire to a convent;—there is no medium between these two propositions, examine which of them is most agreeable, and let us know your determination tomorrow.

JULIA,

JULIA, shocked with so harsh a sentence, withdrew; her heart so oppressed with grief, that on entering her chamber, where *Hyppolitus* expected her with impatience, she sunk down in a swoon,—*Lucilla* ran to her assistance. whilst *Hyppolitus* was in such an agony of distress, he wanted it almost as much as his dear *Julia*; it was a long time before either were in spirits for a recital of this dreadful conversation.

IT was now their eyes were opened to the misfortunes prepared for them. Just *Heaven!* cried *Hyppolitus*, mournfully, was I too much elated with my happiness, that I must now see the destruction of all my hopes? but, continued he, what am I saying,—my dearest *Julia!* if
your

your affection is unshaken, who can separate our hearts? Believe me, *Hyppolitus*, said she, looking tenderly upon him, that nothing but death alone can separate them! I have taken my resolution, and I promise you never to change it. Not that I am ignorant of what I have to encounter: but misery itself will be dear to me, if it is instrumental in preserving your *Julia* ever yours! Her faithful lover, softened with gratitude and love, said all that the most tender and constant heart could dictate in this trying circumstance. Both were greatly embarrassed in concerting a proper answer for *Julia* the next day; at length they agreed she should request to stay longer at *Buckingham*, and if that was refused, should give the preference to a

VOL. I. K convent,

convent, where *Hyppolitus* would find means to visit her. That on no account should she listen to any proposals from the earl of *Bedford*, but refuse him in so absolute a manner, as to check all future solicitations.

WHILST the lovers were thus settling their plan, the earl and countess of *Douglas*, were considering how to prevent the consequences that were to be apprehended from the violence of their son's passion for *Julia*. Should we carry her to *France*, said they, he will undoubtedly pursue her; love is naturally ingenious, and the invention of *Hyppolitus* will not fail to inspire him with some stratagem to see her;—nor can we oblige her to take the veil contrary to her inclination! The most rational expedient is to remove

move *Hyppolitus*, under pretence of travelling : he may, perhaps, by a long absence, forget *Julia* : she may possibly follow his example ; and if the earl of *Bedford* perseveres, be prevailed upon, in time, to marry him.

DETERMINED upon this method, as most suitable to their views, they sent *Julia* word by her friend *Lucilla*, they would allow her more time to consider their proposal. This news awakened a glimmering hope,—that the earl might not be insensible to their affection, and would yet consent to make them happy. —*Julia* communicated it to her lover, but he could not flatter her in her belief.—Ah! my *Julia*, said he, I too well know the character of those who oppose our satisfaction, to imagine

K. 2

they

they will long suffer us to enjoy this serenity. My soul is alarmed with I know not what presentiment that interrupts its repose. *Julia* could only answer with her tears, which *Hyppolitus* mingled with his own; and their sorrow left such traces on their countenance, that Lord and Lady *Douglas*, began to dread its effect on their son's constitution. This hastened the preparations for *Hyppolitus's* departure, his equipage was ordered with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and when all was ready, they fancied he would receive some pleasure from the magnificence of his appearance in foreign courts, and the generous appointment assigned him.

THEY sent for *Hyppolitus* into their apartment, and the earl addressed

addressed him thus — My son, if your mother and I consulted only our own satisfaction, it certainly would be more agreeable to keep you with us, than to send you the tour of *Europe*; but you are at an age when your education requires finishing in other countries, rather than your own. It is now necessary to study their manners and customs, and to acquire that easy politeness which is caught rather than learned from the conversation of well-bred men; and can only be attained by travel. We are persuaded you will have peculiar pleasure in finding us second an inclination so natural for youth to entertain. Your rout is settled through *France, Italy, Germany* and *Holland*; and after three years absence, we shall hope to welcome you with transports of

joy.—*Hyppolitus* trembled at these words. The stroke of a poniard could not have wounded him more keenly. He was undetermined what to say; one moment he resolved boldly to declare his passion for *Julia*, (of which they were so well informed) and to assure them no power on earth should separate them,—and that if they chose to send him abroad, it must be after they had secured to him the hand of *Julia*.—The next he was struck with apprehensions that this temerity would only draw fresh persecutions on that adorable maid, *Julia*, and perhaps occasion her to be removed where discovery might be impossible. —The conflict in his soul is not to be described; Lord and Lady *Douglas* discovered part of it by the emotion and disorder of
of

of his countenance ;—but they persevered in dissimulation, and seeming not to observe his anxiety—pursued the discourse by acquainting him their care had furnished all things requisite, as they wished him to take the opportunity of returning with the *French* ambassador, Monsieur de *Bois-Dauphin*, who was the earl's particular friend, so that he would only have two days to take leave of his friends. *Hypopolitus*, concealing, as far as possible, the anguish he felt, coldly replied, he should obey, but that measures so precipitate, gave his journey rather the appearance of exile, than travel. He bowed, and left the room.

A SUDDEN recollection prevented him from speaking immediately to *Julia*, though his feet had mechanically led him to her

her apartment. He thought it above all things necessary he should first see the friend of his heart, the earl of *Suffex*, and concert with him what conduct it was best to pursue. He set out immediately for *London*, not doubting the earl would serve him on this occasion with the same secrecy and generosity he had experienced on so many others. He followed him into the park, and found him walking with Lord *Northampton*, and Lord *Percy*. After the usual civilities, he whispered his friend, he had something of importance to communicate.

THE earl of *Suffex* excused himself to the two noblemen, promising to see them soon on the affair they were talking upon, when, addressing *Hyppolitus*,—
you have done me a singular service.

vice in drawing me from the conversation in which we were engaged.—Things are in the greatest confusion.—The king's illness is thought desperate, and in this extraordinary crisis, parties are forming for the succession.—Those noblemen who left us, were persuading me to embark with them in favour of Lady *Jane Grey*, her youth and beauty would easily determine my heart to support her interest, but, as she is only niece to *Henry VIII.* it appears to me, the Princess *Mary* has a more legal right to the crown; so that I could not avoid differing from them in sentiment, when you joined us. He continued this political discourse without observing his friend hearkened with impatience and inattention.—They left the *Mall*, and entered a close.

a close walk which led to the *Mews*; now we are at liberty, my dear friend, said the earl, embracing *Hyppolitus*, What is the matter? tell me how I can serve you? You may serve me in my dearest interests, said he, which you will be sensible of, when I tell you the distress I am involved in, by my father's severity, all my reliance is on your friendship.—My dear *Suffex*, I am on the brink of desperation.—I must leave *England* to-morrow with the *French* ambassador—I must leave *Julia*!—her whom I adore,—on whom the happiness of my life depends.—You are too well acquainted with my sentiments to make it necessary for me to enlarge on my sufferings;—but whatever may be the consequence, I am determined only to feign a departure.—I will
send

Send my servants to your seat in the country, if you will give me leave, and will lodge secretly with you, that I may lose no possible opportunity of seeing my beloved.

DISPOSE of every thing that appertains to me, as if it was your own, said the earl; but let me observe it will be extremely difficult to deceive my Lord *Doug-* for any length of time? If we can deceive him but for a day, that day will be employed in gazing on *Julia*! say only whether you will assist me? Whether I will! said the earl; the doubt offends me; I flattered myself my friend was better acquainted with my heart. *Hyppolitus* pressed him to his bosom, begging pardon for this transient mark of distrust, and thanking him in the tenderest manner,—he then took

took the hasty leave of a lover, impatient to see the mistress of his soul ; but the earl would accompany him part of the way, on horseback.——Alas ! said he, if three hours appear an insupportable absence, what would become of me in three years ! It would be impossible for me to exist.—No, I must die !

THESE faithful friends did not separate till within sight of the castle, where *Hyppolitus* perceived *Julia* at her window, who signed to him to approach.——He flew thither.——Where can you have been, brother ? said she ;—you had a long conversation with the earl and countess ;—you call for your horse, and ride off without letting me know a word of the matter.——Ah, *Hyppolitus* ! are these demonstrations of affection ? had I been
in

in your place, I think I should have acted otherwise !

THOUGH *Hyppolitus* could not condemn his own behaviour, and might easily have justified himself to his fair accuser, yet the slightest anxiety that *Julia* suffered, was calculated to alarm him:—he felt the severity of these reproaches, and was incapable of answering immediately.——

When he was a little recovered, he replied in a respectful tone, It is I, my amiable *Julia*, who have cause to complain of your unkind suspicion!——Could you entertain the most distant idea I was capable of forgetting you a single moment? Could you condemn me on such a slight appearance? O *Julia*! you little know the excess of my love, thus to accuse me! *Julia* had too

VOL. I.

L

much

much tenderness to delight in seeing him uneasy.—I acknowledge, said she, there is a species of injustice in the pain I have occasioned you: alas; we are unfortunate enough, without ingeniously devising new subjects of distress! Let this seal my peace with my charming mistress, said *Hyppolitus*, kissing her hand, it must be confessed our misfortunes are too formidable, without any addition. My father is sending me abroad: he inflicts the severest punishment in separating me from you,—but I have just been taking measures for concealment in *London*;—we must now contrive a plan for meeting unsuspectedly.

He repeated all that had passed with Lord *Suffex*, and after proposing and rejecting several methods,

methods, they consulted *Lucilla*; to whom they had no reserve. come hither sister, said *Julia*, we want your assistance:—Your invention is more at liberty than ours to think of some eligible expedient. She then explained their situation. *Lucilla* ruminated a few minutes, and then asked *Julia* if she had forgot that the private staircase from their apartment into the garden, opened into a covered walk, at the end of which, by the side of the wood, was a little door into the field? that it was only getting another key made, and they might venture down this staircase at night, without being perceived by the family, and *Hypopolitus* might let himself in at the door.—Nothing can be better, imagined said he.—I confess it, said *Julia*, but will it not

be an infringement of delicacy if I should consent?—I have no longer the plea of affinity to excuse me.—In admitting visits by night, I cannot think it will be quite consistent with the rules of decorum. Are you in a situation, interrupted *Lucilla*, to be so scrupulously nice? My brother, it is true, is not your husband, but he hopes in time to have that honour; and I promise you not to desert you in these interviews;—and though I have every thing to dread from the anger of my father and mother. I will freely expose myself to its rage, to demonstrate my friendship for you.—And what will be my fate! thou mistress of it? What will become of thy *Hyppolitus*, whose only motive for staying in *England* is to be blest with the sight of thee sometimes?

sometimes? To refuse your consent is to command me to depart.—Ah *Julia*! is it you that will banish me? Alas! you too well know the power you both have over me.—Yet, consider the danger we shall be exposed to! The very apprehension terrifies me to death.—They omitted nothing to reassure her, and that very evening *Hyppolitus* took the impression of the key in wax, and dispatched it to the earl of *Sussex*, that a new one might be finished before he left *Buckingham*. All was punctually executed; and the day *Hyppolitus* took leave of his family, Lord *Douglas* accompanied him to *London*: he once intended seeing him on board the yacht, but changed his design, and was contented with beholding him and his equipage safe in the barge,

which was to row them thither. After the most tender farewell, he returned extremely happy in the flexibility of his son's temper.



HYPOLITUS was introduced to the ambassador, who was already on board. As this gentleman had a great regard for him, he frankly explained that some invincible reasons made it necessary he should stay in *England*; he opened his heart to him, and conjured him to pity his distressed situation; he hoped the confidence he reposed would make the impression Mounseur de *Bois-dauphine's* benevolence gave him reason to expect: and observing in his manner and countenance, the most favourable disposition to oblige him, he at length imparted his desire to prevail

prevail on him to write to the earl his father, that his son was taken ill at *Dieppe*; rather than at *Paris*, because it might naturally be expected that the ambassador, and such of the *English* nobility as resided there, would give frequent intelligence of the progress of his distemper; would he favour him with such a letter, he would take care it was put into the post-office at a proper time. He owned his life depended on the success of his plan; I easily comprehend the motive of your conduct, my dear *Hypopolitus*, said the ambassador, smiling, you are in love! and in compliance to your passion, I am to expose myself to your fathers displeasure!—I have not forgot I was once young myself,—and a secret impulse attaches me more cordially to your interest than

than to the earl's.—Let us lose no time in writing this letter.—*Hyppolitus*, was charmed with his compliance,—and thanked him a thousand times for a service which appeared so essential to his happiness.—He received it,—bid adieu to *Monſieur de Bois-dauphin*, got into a sloop as he had sent away the barge directly, and landed at the *Tower* wharf, where the earl of *Suffex* waited in his coach: there were horses ready to carry the servants to his country seat, under the care of a gentleman in whom the earl could confide. As it was already very late, the two friends retired to the apartment assigned for *Hyppolitus*, unseen by any in the house.

THIS lover, whose imagination was devoted to his *Julia*,
was

was sensibly touched with the most poignant grief, at the thoughts of being no longer under the same roof with her. I would converse with her every moment, said he to the earl, who passed the night with him, I could go into her chamber twenty times o' day:—notwithstanding my mother's injunctions, we found means to see each other whenever we pleased:—but now we are nine miles distant, and though the space is nothing to indifferent travellers, yet it appears immense to a man desperately in love as I am:—add to this, the precautions to be observed: the fear of discovery.—the accidents that can neither be foreseen nor avoided, which disconcert the best-regulated plans. —You are indeed one of *Cupid's* truest votaries, interrupted the

the earl, pleasantly, the extravagance of your passion creates all these false alarms that disturb you without the least foundation. Are you insensible to the satisfaction of being in *London* instead of being tossed upon the ocean in a yacht; which would have transported you by this time, I know not how many leagues? Do you regard as an immaterial advantage the ready obedience you have found in the servants Lord *Douglas* appointed to attend you? particularly from the gentleman appointed your tutor whose age and occupation gave him a kind of right to be surprised at your return, and to enquire the cause? Yet he has been the first to set an example of submission to the rest! I assure you I regard with wonder the peculiarity of your good fortune.

fortune, and am very little disposed to lament your situation, since *Julia* in permitting your visits, favours you, in my opinion, with the most valuable proof of her esteem.

You would infer from all this, said *Hyppolitus*, impatiently, that I ought to be in the most perfect harmony of spirits? Ah! my dear lord, if your heart was susceptible of the delicacy of a real passion, you would enter more deeply into my sentiments; but you are quite a male-coquet,—engage the admiration of every pretty woman by the fine things you say to her, whilst your heart remains unwounded. I have frequently lamented this insensibility, as I should have done any disgrace that had befallen you. And I have as often wished you as free as myself, my
 dear

dear *Hyppolitus* ! You are persuaded the supreme happiness of life consists in an immoderate devotion to one object.——On the contrary, believe it more likely to be found in general gallantry.——I own the ladies have a right to our homage, and by a thousand little delicate attentions, we may merit a share in their favour ;—but ought never to engage in serious attachments that interrupt our felicity.—and make us neglect our duty and our fortune. *Cæsar* was the slave of the fair sex in peace, but indifferent to them in war ! He had a new mistress as often as he conquered a new province !——Love in heroes should be no more than an amusement.——A degree of it is, I confess, necessary, for the attainment of that politeness peculiar to the conversation

conversation of well bred women;—they soften the ferocity of our natures, and it must be acknowledged understand the refinements of manners and behaviour:—but I will always maintain that the most dangerous thing in the world, is an intoxication, which renders us incapable of every other pursuit, than adoring a beautiful idol!—Persons thus infatuated, become a burthen to their acquaintance, as well as to themselves. They renounce all the pleasures of society. They sigh,—weep,—are always unhappy,—often jealous, and ill-humoured. The purchase of one happy moment is at the expence of a million of miserable ones, that precede and follow it:—moments so intolerable, they keep the soul in restless agitation:—in fire.—For

God's sake, interrupted *Hyppolitus*, a truce with your moralising:— it is so severe, and your taste so barbarous and unpolished, that two more such conversations would render me your inveterate enemy. —It is impossible to express my indignation at your definition of true lovers. The earl laughed excessively, and promised his friend not to vex his spirits any more, on condition he would allow *him* to love according to his own fashion, without presuming to find fault with his levity.

DAY began to peep before they had settled preliminaries; they did not rise till late, and when dinner was over, *Hyppolitus* entreated his friend to go to *Buckingham*, and whisper his request to *Julia* and *Lucilla*, that
they

they would repair to the gate in the wood: he performed his embassy to admiration, and as he was always an agreeable guest to Lord and Lady *Douglas*, they were extremely delighted to see him. You come very opportunely said the countess, to console me for my sons absence, I am very sensibly affected with it.

—It is a voluntary affliction, madam, you had the power and influence of detaining him if you had thought proper! I understand you, says she: you think us wrong in sending him abroad, but I assure you, though we suffer greatly from this separation, it was indispensibly necessary; one ought to subdue all selfish tenderness for the advantage of a darling son.—After three years travel, we shall see him with redoubled transport.—

M 2

Lucilla

• •

Lucilla and *Julia* were present at this conversation, and the earl of *Bedford* making his appearance,——Lord *Sussex*, could only draw *Lucilla* apart, whilst the earl was engaged in addressing *Julia*. All that regarded the time of meeting, was settled for the ensuing night, and the earl shortened his visit to gratify his friend's impatience. They thought it necessary to disguise their persons for fear of being discovered on the road, in wigs of an opposite colour to their hair; jockey caps tied close over their faces, and horsemen's coats, answered the purpose. They left *London* at ten o'clock. The night was remarkably fine;—the country still and tranquil; their valet held their horses, whilst they repaired to the little gate, which they found unlocked.——

They

—They entered the garden; and the two ladies, who were at no great distance, hearing their steps, advanced to meet them.

THE joy of *Hyppolitus* and *Julia* was inexpressible; after some time spent in general conversation, without quitting the walk, they divided into parties: —the lover gave his hand to *Julia*, and the earl walked by *Lucilla*.—Thank *Heaven*, our absence has not been long, my *Hyppolitus*, said the lovely *Julia*. —You are again returned in spite of their machinations to disunite us! Had my heart been slightly engaged, my charming *Julia*, I might have found it more difficult to overset their schemes, but the passion you have inspired is too strong not to be fruitful in devices to oppose whatever ob-

stacles they may contrive to part us. You were no sooner gone, resumed *Julia*, than the countess was particular in her civilities; and after honouring me with some professions of friendship, which rather surprized me, as we were circumstanced, said she had reason to believe I had no intention of taking the veil; and, as that was the case, she thought it incumbent on her to advise me, as the best friend and relation I had in the world, to consider the earl of *Bedford's* proposal divested of prejudice: that he was a man of honour, family, and fortune. She assured me in few words, a connection with you was absolutely impossible: that she would freely confess, I was the only cause of their sending you abroad, and that her lord was resolved never to
consent

content to your return till I was disposed of.—And what was your reply, my dearest love? said *Hyppolitus*, with emotion: that as to accepting the earl of *Bedford's* addresses, my inflexibility was equal to Lord *Douglas's*: that I begged her ladyship never would renew the subject, for nothing could conquer my aversion: and as you were to travel three years, I had some reason to hope she would give me longer time to determine my choice of life: that it was of great importance to me, and therefore could not be too maturely considered.

LADY *Douglas* did not refuse her acquiescence in these sentiments; and as the earl of *Bedford* came to-day, whilst my Lord *Suffex* was here, and began to pester me with his love, I told him

him I could no longer conceal that his importunities had exhausted my patience:—hitherto I had treated him only with indifference, but now the case was extremely altered, and I thought it just he should know my objections were insurmountable: if he wished to make me unhappy, the repetition of his visits would effectually answer that purpose. What madam, he exclaimed, do you forbid me to see you? Yes, sir, I earnestly entreat you not to interrupt my repose.—Madam, you throw me into despair, you deprive me of the only felicity of my life. I love you to adoration! What must be my misery if you refuse to let me see you? My lord, you will endeavour to subdue a partiality troublesome to me, and the source of unnecessary vexation to yourself. Saying
ing

ing this, I left him, with all the marks of anguish in his countenance.—O, my heart's treasure! how happy do you make me! and how immense is my debt of gratitude for such a sacrifice! said the enraptured *Hypopolitus*. You are mistaken, replied *Julia*,—I make no sacrifice.—I feel too great satisfaction in venting my spleen upon this impertinent man, for you to place it to your account, or be under the least obligation.

TIME glided away in reciprocal protestations of eternal fidelity, and promises to meet as frequently as possible. The earl of *Suffex*'s servant was to ride through *Buckingham* every morning, and when he saw flower pots at *Julia*'s window, it was to be a signal for *Hypopolitus* to repair to the wood
at

at night. These points being settled, they found it necessary to separate, but not before Lord *Sussex* and *Lucilla* had repeatedly informed them it was near break of day.

HYPPOLITUS was not tardy in sending the ambassador's letter to his father, with an account of his illness, which disturbed the tranquillity of the family, and filled the earl and countess with alarming apprehensions.—He constantly dated his own letters from *Dieppe*, sometimes informing them he was better,—sometimes worse,—as he judged most convenient.—The intercourse between *Julia* and *Hyppolitus*, was entirely unsuspected for more than two months.—They enjoyed the pleasure of seeing each other frequently without the least interruption ;—

interruption;—but fortune apt to be envious of the too great satisfaction of lovers, thought it time to molest them.

WHEN the earl of *Bedford* received his sentence of dismissal, he quitted the castle in the most poignant distress, with a resolution to decline his addresses, and if possible forget the fair cause of his wretchedness for ever. He collected every argument capable of affording him comfort; frequented publick diversions more than he had been accustomed, and sought with diligence some irresistible beauty to captivate his heart. But *Julia's* superiority was so confessedly apparent, and she gained so much by comparison with other women, that he despised their charms, whilst reflection added

added fresh fuel to his flame. It burnt with a violence that impelled him to have resource to desperate remedies; and the extravagance of a heated imagination prompted him to carry her off by force. I am certain, said he to one of his friends, Lord *Douglas* would be pleased with my alliance, as the countess is my relation, and he has even offered me his eldest daughter. It is true he will not exert his authority to constrain the unwilling hand of *Julia*, but when once I am master of it, I shall not find him an irreconcilable enemy; so far from it, I know he will use his influence to render me happy.

THE design once formed, he sought with eagerness to accelerate its execution. He recollected

lected the gardiner of *Buckingham* formerly lived in his family, and knew him to be avaricious, and bold enough to assist in such an enterprize. He sent for him directly, and after giving him one bribe, and the promise of another, ventured to open his design, and consult him on the proper measures to be pursued. Your scheme my lord, appears to me very feasible, said the gardiner, I have the key to a door at the extremity of the garden, which leads through a covered alley to a back stair case opposite to *Julia's* chamber. I am very certain the door is seldom fastened on the inside, as I have often passed it of evenings, when she has ordered me to bring her flowers and fruit, and you may carry her off without any disturbance.

THE earl of *Bedford*, found these circumstances favourable, and having fixed a day, he went to the gate, the gardiner had pointed out, with two gentlemen on whom he could depend, at about eleven at night. One of these gentlemen led their horses into a valley, unperceived, whilst the earl and the other entered the garden as silently as possible. It was one of the nights of assignation to *Hyppolitus* and the earl of *Suffex*. The ladies were just opening the staircase door, but the night being cloudy, imposed upon their belief, that the persons they saw enter, were no other than the lover and his friend. On their part, perceiving two women,—they sought to conceal themselves, and were leaving the walk, when *Julia* advancing, you testify very little impatience

impatience my dear *Hyppolitus*, in retreating when I am so near ;— you seem rather desirous to avoid me.—What is the meaning of this unusual coldness ?

IN these unkind reproaches, the earl hearing the voice of his cruel mistress, was distracted that words so sweetly pronounced, were not addressed to him ; yet was not insensible to his good fortune in finding her in the garden. He did not reply, for fear of undeceiving her,—and making a sign to the gentleman with him to seize *Lucilla*, and prevent her cries, he caught *Julia* in his arms, and being tall and strong, bore her towards the garden gate, in spite of her resistance, just as *Hyppolitus* and the earl of *Sussex* arrived ; who on entering the walk, by a sudden gleam of the

Moon, recognized the person of the earl of *Bedford*.

THERE is no expressing the feelings of *Hyppolitus*. Frantic with love and rage, he drew his sword.—The earl quitting *Julia*, followed his example, whilst the gentleman who secured *Lucilla*, let her free, attacked Lord *Sussex*. They were all persons of courage, and animated with the cause they engaged in. The ladies knew not what to resolve; —to call for help was to discover their dear *Hyppolitus*; and if they waited the event, it might be fatal to him! Never could distress exceed theirs!

THE gardiner who stood sentinel, not doubting but the clashing of swords would be heard in the castle, ran thither, and upon
his

his report, Lord *Douglas* hastened into the garden, at the moment the earl of *Bedford* received a wound from *Hyppolitus*, and was fallen on the ground. Seeing a number of people coming, he told Lord *Suffex* they must think of saving themselves; but finding the garden door locked, and all the avenues full of servants, in this extremity they forced their way into the garden-er's house, which they barricaded; Lord *Douglas* ordered his people to surround it, and prevent their escape, (for the two noblemen were so completely disguised, he had not the least suspicion of their quality.

HE ordered the earl of *Bedford* to be removed to the castle, and lest his wounds should prove mortal, as there was great reason

to fear, and himself be censured for the murder of so near a relation, dispatched a messenger immediately to *London* for a justice of peace and constables, who arrived at break of day; at the same time the prisoners, having debated the matter, were come to a resolution of forcing the doors which were secured without: the vigorous attempts they made, at length succeeded, and in defiance of opposition, they fought their way through the earl's servants, and would infallibly have escaped undiscovered, had not the justice with his posse just then encompassed them on all sides, and Lord *Douglas* given the word to knock them down, rather than suffer them to pass. This severe order convinced them their lives were inevitably lost, if they did not yield, and they rather chose
to

to submit, than sacrifice them-
to a rash temerity,

JULIA and *Lucilla*, lay half dead at the foot of a tree, regarding this sad spectacle with an excess of grief that no words can represent. They saw the illustrious criminals led to the castle, and followed almost involuntarily. The countess waited in the hall in the utmost anxiety: their caps were no sooner taken off, than she cast her eyes upon *Hyppolitus*, and exclaimed aloud, *O Heaven's!* my son! and fainted. Lord *Douglas*, who had not yet made the discovery, approached, and was greatly shocked and surprized to behold his son a prisoner in his own house, when he thought him dangerously ill at *Dieppe*. He was unable to speak for some time, at last collecting

lecting himself, and regarding him with eyes flaming with rage, what metamorphosis is this?—May I believe my eyes? Is it *Hyppolitus* I see? Tell me what are your designs? You imposed upon my credulity to think you was in *France* at the very instant you are disguised in my house, and have maliciously assassinated an acknowledged friend of our family,—a relation of your mother's;—a nobleman of rank and power! Good *God!* what a catastrophe! Your father finds you so unworthy of his protection, that he abandons you without repugnance to the rigour of the law.

JULIA, who had mixed in the croud, no longer able to command her passions, rushed impetuously to the feet of the earl,

earl,—O my father, she cried, bursting into tears, if any one deserves punishment it is me alone! since *Hyppolitus* was obliged to fight to rescue me from the fury of the earl of *Bedford*! Without his assistance that vile man had forced me away:—he seized me in his arms, and was dragging me with violence along:—I received all the cruel treatment that a man base enough to form such designs is capable of! Retire *Julia*, said the earl, endeavouring to restrain his anger, I comprehend more than I wish to know: retire with your sister into your own apartment, and take care not to leave it without my orders.

THE unfortunate fair one, concluding she was destined to imprisonment, as well as her lover,

ver, in passing *Hyppolitus*, gave him a look expressive of tenderness and grief;—he grasped her trembling hand, and though he disdained to plead in his own defence, the distress of her he loved, moved him to interrogate his father:—For *Heaven's* sake, sir, what crime has *Julia* committed? Is she to suffer for my fault? How has her innocence merited severity? Be silent, rash youth, said Lord *Douglas*, dividing their hands, forbear to irritate me farther.

THE earl of *Suffex* contemplated this scene in the utmost despair. Lady *Douglas* when she recovered, addressed him in a manner that did not alleviate it. What a dangerous friend are you, my lord, to treat the folly of my son with such unjustifiable complaisance.

plaisance. Alas! you see to what wretchedness we are reduced :— can there be a more deplorable situation than the earl's and mine? Yes, madam, said the earl of *Suffex* with resolution, that of your son is more worthy of commiseration! The proof of obedience you demanded was too rigid. Why would you insist upon his absence, when you knew how strongly his heart was engaged? To cure a passion we disapproved, interrupted the countess, we hoped that absence would have wrought the effect it does commonly in the hearts of men; and if my son had not found a friend so ready to comply with the frenzy of his passion, I have not the least doubt but *Julia* had by this time been forgot.

DURING

DURING this altercation, the surgeons who examined the earl of *Bedford's* wounds, came to make their report to Lord *Douglas*, that they had found three, one of which they feared was mortal. The justice immediately demanded *Hyppolitus* might be taken into custody, and committed to *Newgate*; a proposal that awakened all the feelings of parental affection in Lord *Douglas*. He answered he never could consent to give up his son, but was ready to be bound in two thousand pounds security for his appearance. His bail was accepted; and the officers of justice took their leave. Lord and Lady *Douglas* wished the earl of *Suffex* had followed their example, whom they regarded with resentment: but that generous friend, feigning not to observe the
the

the apparent marks of disgust, which his sensibility felt, hesitated not to assure them he would share the same fortune with *Hypopolitus*! He never would abandon him;—and if he perished, it should not be alone!

THE two friends were suffered to remain in the same apartment, carefully secured; whilst *Lucilla* and *Julia*, were equally guarded in another.

WHEN Lord *Douglas* was satisfied they could not escape, he set out with his lady for *London*, and drove directly to the countess of *Bedford's*, who had been long acquainted with her son's attachment to *Julia*, and consented to his choice; but was not yet informed of the melancholy event at *Buckingham*: she

heard it with lively emotions of surprize and concern. When the earl had related all the circumstances, You will perceive madam, said he, a prosecution, though it may involve us in much trouble and perplexity, must in the end, be productive of still greater to yourself, when it shall be proved that the earl of *Bedford* attempted to carry off *Julia* by force, and that her brother in affecting her rescue, dangerously wounded the ravisher. The latter alone will appear culpable.— But if your ladyship will listen to the cordiality of my proposal, I will banish the painful object from your sight, for three years, and if *Heaven* hearkens to our prayers in favour of your son's recovery, and he still perseveres in his passion for *Julia*, I engage my word to promote their
union

union to the utmost of my power.

THE countess did not choose to determine any thing till she had first consulted her family and friends; who no sooner heard of the misfortune, than they came to offer their assistance and advice, and after a careful enquiry into the circumstances, were of opinion, no further concessions could be required; and were even surprized at the generosity of the earl of *Douglas's* offer, to send his son abroad for three years; as they were ignorant of the secret motive of his conduct.

MATTERS being thus amicably adjusted, the earl went to *Gravesend*, where he heard there was a vessel loading for *Leghorn*; this, he thought a favourable opportunity

portunity for *Hyppolitus*, not doubting the beauties of *Italy* would soon make him forget *England*, and his engagements there. He settled all preliminaries with the captain, and finding he waited only for a fair wind, which there would not be time to advertize him of at *Buckingham*, he sent for his son to *London* the next day.

BUT what was the situation of *Hyppolitus*, who had every thing to fear for the object of his love and was well assured his father would take the most infallible measures to separate him from her for ever! These afflicting thoughts had plunged him into the deepest despair, if his native fortitude had not been superior to calamity. He attempted in vain, to bribe the servants to connive
at

at his escape; but was more successful in prevailing on them to disclose all they knew of his father's proceedings. They loved and respected *Hyppolitus* as their second master, and informed him of his expedition to *Gravesend*, which he saw was a leading step effectually to oppose his darling wishes. He requested the footman who attended him, to convey a letter to *Julia*, and bring an answer. After a little hesitation he consented, reflecting that the secrets between a brother and a sister, were not of a nature to offend a parent. *Hyppolitus*, on his side, hazarded nothing from a discovery, as his family already knew the extent of his passion for *Julia*. He wrote to her thus:

O 3

“ CAN:

“ CAN it be, my lovely *Julia*,
“ that the same walls, where I
“ first felt the influence of your
“ charms, where I have so of-
“ ten heard the musick of your
“ voice ;—where my soul has
“ hung in attentive rapture on
“ those tender,—those virtuous
“ sentiments that flowed from
“ your lips,——should now se-
“ clude us from the felicity of
“ beholding each other ? I am
“ the wretched cause of all your
“ sufferings !—I, who ere now
“ must have fallen a victim to
“ grief, if love had not com-
“ bated despair ! Alas ! what
“ has my unhappy passion
“ to flatter me with, in the
“ moment I am on the brink of
“ losing you for ever ? To what
“ horrors am I to be exposed ;
“ —torn from the country you
“ inhabit ? The racking thought
“ throws

“ throws me into agonies that
 “ your heart alone can by its
 “ sympathetic feeling too pain-
 “ fully comprehend! But if
 “ through this gloomy abyss
 “ one ray of hope can penetrate
 “ to cheer my fainting soul, it is
 “ in the certainty of my *Julia's*
 “ fidelity and truth!—No, my
 “ angel is incapable of betray-
 “ ing the man who holds all
 “ things as nothing in compar-
 “ ison with her,—and who can
 “ never acknowledge equal ex-
 “ cellence in any other of her
 “ sex!—I confess to you
 “ I think it unnecessary to make
 “ fresh protestations of eternal
 “ constancy, to one who knows,
 “ and directs every motion of
 “ my heart. No, my *Julia*, no,
 “ it can never change;—it can
 “ never cease to adore you!—
 “ Opposed to all the inveteracy
 “ and

“ and rage of the enemies of my
“ passion, that faithful passion
“ shall bid defiance to them all.
“ —write to me, my dearest
“ love, do not abandon thy *Hyp-*
“ *politus* in this miserable state;
“ —thou who art the sove-
“ reign arbiter of his fate ;—
“ the only object of his desires,
“ —and of his vows.”

THE fair *Julia* was a long time in reading these lines from her dear *Hypopolitus*.—The tears which incessantly streamed from her eyes, prevented her seeing the long-loved characters.—*Lucilla*, though in want of consolation herself, forgot her own distress in that of her friend : for Lord and Lady *Douglas* were extremely angry with *Lucilla*, for what they thought an unpardonable compliance with *Julia's* weakness.

weakness. She pressed her to answer her brother's letter, and stop as much as possible those flowing tears, which in spite of all her efforts to restrain them, blotted the paper before she could finish these words :

“ You are then going at last,
 “ my dear *Hyppolitus* ! Your
 “ *Julia* shall no more behold
 “ you ! O, there is no conceiving
 “ my exquisite distress ! Alas !
 “ can that innocent tenderness
 “ we indulged for each other
 “ before we were sensible of its
 “ danger, have irritated *Heaven*
 “ against us ? What possibility
 “ is there of opposing this tor-
 “ rent of misfortune ? I am
 “ not only deprived of repose
 “ and joy,—I am even deprived
 “ of reason ! Nothing can re-
 “ concile me to the thought of
 “ absence.—

“ absence.—Yet, notwithstanding
 “ the wildness of our grief,
 “ —it is decreed we must part.
 “ —Let us then, by a noble
 “ exertion of fortitude, my dear
 “ *Hyppolitus*, try at least to conquer
 “ the rigor of destiny.—
 “ Yes, we will be faithful to
 “ our vows.—No power on
 “ earth,—not death itself, shall
 “ force me to break mine.—
 “ Fear not,—our constancy will
 “ triumph over every obstacle.
 “ We shall meet again, my dear
 “ *Hyppolitus*, where love shall
 “ crown our wishes!—Adieu!”

ASSURANCES tender, and interesting as those of this amiable *Julia*, never were more wanted to calm the tumult of his bosom, and enable *Hyppolitus* to support the scene the earl was preparing, who had likewise sent for *Lucilla* and

and *Julia*, with Lord *Sussex* and the countess of *Douglas*; when they were all seated in the drawing room, the earl, after some moments reflection, addressed his son in the following words :

“ IT is not with an intention of loading you with those reproaches you have but too justly merited, that I admit you into my presence.—And yet, *Hypopolitus*, it is but too evident you have withdrawn yourself from the duty a son owes to his parents. You have imposed upon and deceived us by letters.—You have yielded to the irregularities of your heart.—And *Julia* is an accomplice in your disobedience. But on this you may rely, I call *Heaven* to witness, that neither your mother nor I ever will consent to your marriage,

marriage, whilst you pursue a conduct so absolutely repugnant to our inclinations, which appears to us in a light so odious, there is no extremity, however violent, we would not have recourse to, rather than comply. Though *Julia* is not our child, the happiness or misery of her life, depends greatly on our protection. Be advised, ere it be too late, submit to the tenderness of parental authority; and set out with a good grace for *Florence*; where luckily for you, I have friends who will think it a pleasure to demonstrate their regard for the father, by their civilities to the son. You will probably be well received by the illustrious house of *Medicis*: and to convince you this is no chimerical expectation, I can inform you that forty years ago, when I was
about

about your age and travelled as I propose your doing, to improve my taste and understanding, chance presented me with an occasion of rendering Cardinal de *Medicis*, since known by the name of *Leo* the Xth, a piece of service, not inconsiderable.

HE was the *Pope's* nuncio in the army of the *League*, taken prisoner in the battle of *Ravennes*, by *Gaston de Foix*, and sent under convoy to *France*, by the Marshal *Trivulce*. Never was man more chagrined than the cardinal; his mind was totally occupied with some method to escape,—but all attempts were so hazardous, that after experiencing various disappointments, he began to despair of success; but his secretary found means of applying to the brave *Zacchi*, who

VOL. I.

P

knew

knew him, conjuring him to assist in the rescue of a man, illustrious by his merit and misfortunes. I happened to be then with *Zacchi*;—he invited me to be of the party. I accepted the proposal, —and we arrived just as the cardinal was stepping into a boat to go on board, we easily put those who escorted him to flight: he instantly disguised himself in a military dress, and we attended him to the castle of *Barnabi Milespini*. I took leave of him, to return with *Zacchi*, who was my relation, and the cardinal expressed his gratitude and friendship to both, in the strongest terms. And though invested with the papal dignity a year after, I may venture to affirm without vanity, he has ever retained a pleasing remembrance of this voluntary assistance.—

You

You will have the satisfaction, my son, through this channel, to be treated with civility by *Cosmo de Medicis*, who will introduce you to the senator *Alberti*, his cousin, of an antient family in *Florence*, and my intimate friend. Notwithstanding the great inequality in our years, our friendship has been cordial. *Alberti* has been twice in *England* and *Scotland*: He is a member of the noble *council of eight*, and a man of such uncommon worth, that all my anxiety will cease the moment I know you under his protection. I shall take care to supply you with whatever can promote your instruction or amusement; — without wishing you to suppose our separation is desirable to your mother or me. — You may see by the manner I have compromised this melancholly

choly affair with the countess of *Bedford*, that your leaving the kingdom is a necessary and unavoidable condition; as the earl is still in imminent danger. But should you evade my determined purpose, by staying in *England*, or even by returning before the expiration of three years, I will be the first to deliver you into the hands of justice; when perhaps, you will be more sensible of the mortifications attending a prison than of the remonstrances of an indulgent parent. Your liberty, my son, is restored, but the enjoyment of it is reserved for any other country than your own. —If the earl of *Suffex* who has been so faithfully attached to your irregularities, will act like a real friend, he will advise you to submit; and that *Julia*, may recommend the same counsel
un-

unconstrained we leave you together."

WITH these words he left the room without expecting a reply. The countess followed,—whilst the earl of *Suffex* and *Lucilla* conversed at one end of the room, leaving the lovers to express the anguish of their hearts to each other. *Hyppolitus* pressed his *Julia's* hand, whilst he kneeled at her feet, gazing on her with unutterable tenderness, and breathing out his soul in sighs. A language intelligible and effecting to both.——*Julia* first broke the mournful silence,——Arm yourself against the malice of fate, said she, my dear and too unfortunate *Hyppolitus*! If our sufferings are ever so great, the tender regard we have for

each other is still greater.—A single event may change the sad state of our affairs.—You must leave *England*;—I see no way to avoid it.—Let us submit with propriety.—They will not find it possible to succeed in dividing two hearts pierced with the same arrow. Before the three years they talk of, are accomplished,—*Heaven* will perhaps in pity, shorten the term of absence.—Ah! *Julia*, he exclaimed, how violent is the effort you make to support my sinking courage! You are solicitous to comfort me with distant and uncertain hopes when I am tortured with agony—torn from the only blessing that is dear to me.—My eyes are rivetted upon you.—Oh! it is the last time!—Alas! my *Julia*, I tremble at the destiny which

which awaits you.—How will you be able to endure life in a place so hateful.—where you are treated with such indignity.—This distracting thought is a source of mortal inquietude that will follow me every where? You are too ingenious in seeking fresh subjects of torment. I shall be here, my *Hyppolitus*, as I should be wherever I was, only occupied with your idea, indifferent to all things else.—I shall be insensible of the indulgence or severity I may receive from others.—You will write to me my *Julia*? I wish, she replied, you may receive all I write,—you will never then be long without that consolation. But how are we to manage our correspondence?—The earl and *Lucilla*, who were not so interested in their own conversation

as to be inattentive to their unhappy friends, heard these last words, they approached them, and said that care was their province, that they would not keep them in suspense concerning their intentions, for they had settled every thing to facilitate their correspondence.—That *Hyppolitus* must inclose his letters to the earl, who would deliver them to *Lucilla*.—The cruel moment of parting drew near.—The fair one had employed a jeweller to set a locket of her hair in a true lover's knot, encircled with diamonds; below were two hearts pierced with the same arrow;—and this motto:—“United for ever.” Accept this, my dear *Hyppolitus*, said she, you alone know its value. He was transported at receiving a favour he had not dared to request,

quest, and devoutly kissed this sweet pledge of his *Julia's* affection: The heart-rending adieu was repeated;—they embraced.—The earl and *Lucilla* mingled their tears in this affecting scene. In the height of their distress, Lord and Lady *Douglas* entered, and desired their son to follow them; he appeared as much thunderstruck at the command, as if it had been unexpected. He cast a mournful look on *Julia*, whose downcast eyes were filled with tears. *Lucilla* and his friend perceiving him involved in grief and irresolution, took each of them an arm, and led *Hyppolitus* down the stairs. He took the tenderest farewell of his beloved sister, and repeated several times that the only ardent proof of friendship he wished her to give, was
the

to devote herself tenderly to *Julia*, and cherish his image in her heart.

He departed, and *Julia* was left at liberty to vent the grief she had so long repressed, in bitter sighs and complaints. It was in vain *Lucilla* essayed to comfort her. The moment she lost sight of her dear *Hyppolitus*, she threw herself on the ground, —resting her head on *Lucilla's* lap, pouring forth such tender expressions of woe, as would have assuaged the sorrows of her lover, could he have heard himself so lamented. *Hyppolitus*, absorbed in mournful and silent grief, did not open his eyes till they were on board the ship, when he was to bid adieu to his dear and generous friend, the earl of *Sussex*. All his wounds opened.

opened afresh, at the dreadful separation.—This is the last stroke,—my dear friend,—said he, embracing him, we too must part! However you may imagine, that what I have already been torn from, renders me insensible of every other loss; I have reason to believe, from the feelings of my heart at this moment, that the most ardent love is consistent with the strongest friendship!—Continue yours for me, my dear lord, in justice to these sentiments.—He was unable to utter more,—and the earl's agitation was so violent, he could only embrace him with streaming eyes, which demonstrated the excess of his regard so evidently, that Lord and Lady *Douglas* acknowledged their obligations to him in their hearts, notwithstanding the chagrine he
had

had given them in assisting the measures of *Hyppolitus*. They overwhelmed their son with torrents of advice; but he was so conscious that they were the sole authors of the misery he suffered, he would not endeavour to restrain his emotions, or conceal his sentiments, but burst into such pathetic exclamations, as would have touched any heart but that of an incensed parent. The servants who attended him, were new ones, for the earl and countess were suspicious of those sent to Lord *Sussex's* country house.

HYPPOLITUS gave him money to reward their fidelity, and recommended them to his care. —My lord took the greatest part into his own family, and placed the rest with his friends.

His

His lordship entered the barge with the earl and countess of *Douglas*, who did not choose to leave him behind, lest a second escape should be attempted.— They had not yet lost sight of the ship, when a brisk gale sprang up,—the sails were spread,—the guns fired,—and the helm was steered for *Italy*. Plunged in grief, *Hyppolitus* gazed with straining eyes and fixed attention on the *English* shore, sending incessant sighs towards his *Julia*: he wished some furious tempest might force them back into the port; nor had they been more than five days at sea when a violent storm arose, threatening immediate destruction.— The strength and diligence of the sailors were insufficient to work the ship.— The masts gave way;—the cordage cracked;

VOL. I.

Q

—the

—the sails were rent in pieces;—the mountainous waves burst over the top of the vessel;—now bearing her to the clouds;—now precipitating her into the vast abyss.—Terrified with approaching death, every one poured forth lamentable complaints to *Heaven*, making vows of repentance, and regarding with timid eyes the planks, every moment in danger of splitting. —*Hyppolitus*, alone, appeared collected, and discovered no extraordinary emotion! More resolute in danger than these men accustomed to warring elements, he prepared to receive the gloomy tyrant with undaunted fortitude. He sometimes even wished to behold him as the only cure for his misfortunes;—whilst the presence of mind he retained, and the humanity of his disposition

sition prompted him to give the necessary orders for saving the ship.

AT length the horrible tempest subsided. The *Heavens* became serene; the hail, and the thunder ceased; and so sudden a calm succeeded, that the sea seemed only agitated by the breath of gentle zephyrs. All laboured with the utmost alacrity to repair the damage sustained, nor was there any time to lose, for scarcely was one danger surmounted, when another yet more formidable, made its appearance: this was the famous Corsair *Dragut-Rais*, so known and dreaded on that coast. No sooner did the pyrate discern the *English* vessel, than he prepared to engage; first sending a summons to her to strike. It

Q 2

was

was now that *Hyppolitus* made a truce with his sorrows.—He replied as if he had been commander, and the order had been addressed to him; and sent the Corsair a haughty defiance.—He animated the captain to a vigorous resistance; he encouraged the soldiers and sailors;—and his example sufficed to inspire with courage those who were before intimidated. The two ships, after firing several broadsides at each other, began to grapple, and came to a close engagement on the decks. It seemed as if *Hyppolitus* was multiplied:—he was every where to attack and to defend;—inevitable death was in his strokes.—He flew with incredible swiftness from the poop to the prow;—and in an instant, without balancing objections,—he was in the enemies

mies ship,——and though supported by only a handful of soldiers, the sight of the danger to which he was exposed, could not stop him; and his intrepidity so intimidated the *Turks*, that *Dragut-Rais*, after opposing him gallantly some time, seeing nothing in reversion but a speedy death, or certain captivity,——thought to find his safety in flight. He availed himself of the general disorder and confusion, to give the necessary orders; nor was the execution difficult; for the time *Hyppolitus* was boarding the enemy, he saw a single man in his own ship, cutting down all before him: he had formed a rampart round him of dead and dying bodies, and no one dared to attack him. A sentiment of emulation tempted *Hyppolitus* to engage, so brave a

Q 3. rival,

rival, he returned to the deck, —and had just commenced a combat, which had probably proved mortal to both, when the *Corfsair's* vessel drew up her grappling irons, and hoisting all her sail, was soon at a considerable distance; with not less expedition did the whole ship's crew fly to part the brave combatants, they had both received several wounds; and he who was defending the *Turk's* banner, perceiving himself deserted, finding submission the only part left; chose to resign his sword to *Hyppolitus*, as the most worthy of being his protector. Behave to me, said the stranger in *English*, with the same lenity I have always behaved to those of your nation. They have had reason to praise my generosity.—I hope Sir, said *Hyppolitus*, you will never

ver have cause to complain of my want of it!

HE went immediately to the captain, and required his particular regard to a brave officer, whose valour was worthy of admiration. The captain replied, without your assistance, sir, we should not have come off with so much glory. I leave you the intire disposal of the man who has interested your benevolence. — But I have one favour to request, which is that you will attend to your own situation : — you are wounded ; — for *God's* sake, suffer yourself to be taken care of. — *Hyppolitus* returned thanks for his polite cordiality, and as he had lost a great quantity of blood, and was extremely faint, it was thought proper he should go to bed. — But scarcely had

had he rested five minutes, when anxiety for his captive occasioned him to desire he might be accommodated with a bed in his apartment, where intreated him to suffer his wounds to be examined and dressed. *Hyppolitus* had the satisfaction of hearing they were not dangerous, and if this had been his only affliction, he had been soon relieved. But no sooner was the *warrior* at ease, than the *lover* was wretched.— This melancholy kept him awake several whole nights, and the stranger heard him frequently exclaim Oh, *Julia*, *Julia*, I have lost all in losing thee: nothing can ever console me in thy absence!

It did not require the penetration *Muley* (the name of the valiant soldier) possessed to find out:

out *Hyppolitus* was in love, and under the influence of some unhappy planet!—*Muley* had passed the spring of life; but his person was fine;—his features regular;—his sentiments elevated;—his manners noble and elegant.—I am unable to comprehend, said *Hyppolitus*, one day to him, how a man of a character, virtuous and beneficent; of manners so opposite to such a life, can make piracy his profession? *Muley* fetched a deep sigh, and said, we are not always masters of our destiny! I agree with you, 'that *Heaven* did not originally intend me for a pyrate, and that I am only so by the tyranny of *Dragut-Rais*! This answer excited the curiosity of *Hyppolitus*.—He who had been uninfluenced by that or any other passions but love and glory, since
he

he parted from his *Julia*, felt an extreme desire to know the history of *Muley*. I know not who you are, said he, but you appear far above your station! If you have confidence enough to trust me, I shall be highly obliged to you; and I promise you may securely rely on my secrecy and friendship. I have a right to demand both, replied *Muley*, embracing him; for I assure you I am one of your father's best friends.—My first care was to enquire your name, and I consider it as a kind of miracle that providence has delivered me into the hands of a son of the earl of *Douglas*!

WHILST he was speaking, *Hyppolitus* examined his countenance more attentively than he had ever yet done, and found a certain

certain similarity of air and features between him and his beloved *Julia*, that confounded his imagination. Ah! do not longer defer the pleasure I shall have in knowing you! Sir, my name is all you can recollect, resumed *Muley*, and, perhaps, you may have sometimes heard of my misfortunes: I am the earl of *Warwick*, who 'tis believed perished in the *Venetian* service about fourteen years since. At these words *Hyppolitus* broke into a loud exclamation of joy, and was so transported, that the earl of *Warwick* was more than a little astonished.

AFTER mutual congratulations, on this discovery, *Hyppolitus* conjured him to give a detail of his adventures, as no person in the world was more cordially interested in them than himself.

I SHALL

I SHALL soon gratify your curiosity, said the earl, I am a *Catholic*. You know my family. I married one of the most virtuous and beautiful women in the world; but fortune jealous of the happy domestic tranquility I enjoyed, separated us. I was unfortunately included in a prosecution against Lord *Nevil*, to whom I was nearly related; and the king, who brought him to the scaffold, suffered himself to be persuaded I had murmured against his injustice. From that instant I became the object of his hatred; and to avoid being that of his vengeance, I was reduced to the cruel necessity of leaving my country and my wife.— With that best of women I likewise left our only child, *Julia*, then two years old, who was infinitely dear to me. If the earl had

had chanced to have cast his eyes on *Hyppolitus*, he must have remarked the variations in his countenance, at the mention of a name so beloved; but engrossed with the narration he was giving, he proceeded thus:

I OFFERED my service to *Cappello*, the *Venetian* commander, embarked with him to join the fleets of the pope and emperor. We attacked *Barba-Rossa*, I had the command of a galley, which more than once faced the Corsair *Dragut Rais* with great advantage to us, and misfortune to him; for I killed his brother, *Zikin Rais*, dear to him as life. He swore vengeance, and in prosecution of it, when we were in the gulph of *Laita*, and Prince *Doria* made that incomprehensible retreat which astonished the world.

and for which no reason has been assigned; *Dragut Rais*, inflamed with rage, would not lose the opportunity of engaging me.— He knew my galley, and surrounded it; notwithstanding the assistance I received from a *Venetian* vessel, I was so hemmed in by the enemy, that resistance was in vain; covered with wounds I fell into the sea not unobserved by *Dragut-Rais*, who gave orders to snatch me from instant death, only to exercise his vengeance in a thousand shapes for depriving him of his brother: he kept me chained at the bottom of the ship, where I endured more than humanity can conceive.

DEAF to all remonstrances, and petitions, he would never consent that I should try to procure

cure a ransom, four years were already passed, when after a warm contest, he obliged an *English* ship to strike: all my sorrows were renewed, when I saw my countrymen as unfortunate as myself. I enquired news from *England*, and particularly if they could give me any intelligence of *Lady Warwick*? Amongst the prisoners was a gentleman, whom she had taken into her service after our separation, and who remained in it till her death.—
A death ever fatal to my repose, and which I bewail with unceasing tears.

The earl, suffocated with grief, was a long time before he could resume his story; at length, recovering from the disorder this painful narration had thrown him into, he proceeded: I—

R. 2.

learned.

learned from this man, that my wife, hearing the report of my death, which she too easily believed, was so affected she sunk under the blow, surviving it only a few days. This cruel recital was followed by that of my child's death, that dear infant! The only attachment I had to life after the loss of her mother.—This was the completion of my woes. I no longer felt the hardship of captivity.—I became insensible to all the mortifications the *Corfair* could impose.—His peculiar pleasure was to keep my apprehensions of the effects of his anger always awake.—That was now impossible;—for my indifference to good or bad fortune was so perfect, that the sweetest consolation I had, was to remain in a damp dungeon loaded with irons, and still more with

with misery ; expecting the lenient hand of death to close my eyes. How severe were my reproaches for leaving my wife and daughter ! If thy goodness, O my *God!* had spared but one, there would be a ray of hope to support me ! Alas ! I have lost all ! without being ranked amongst the living, I am a wretch not yet numbered with the dead !

It would be trespassing on your patience to dwell any longer on the recital of my sufferings. Let it suffice that at the expiration of eight years, of horrible imprisonment, *Dragut Rais* one day remembered me.—For I am convinced he had for some time totally forgot I existed.—He commanded me to be released from my dungeon ; and

R 3

when

when I breathed the fresh air, and saw the light of day, I fainted. Come, come, *Warwick*, said he, resume thy courage. I have determined to restore your sword; but it is on condition thou swearest by the oath sacred to *Christians*, to use it in my defence, against all those I shall attack. without choice or exception of persons or nations? If thou wilt consent, said he, presenting me his hand, thou shalt not be less honoured than myself.— Thou shalt share my command, —and divide my fortune.—As a proof, I will adopt thee by my favourite name, *Muley*, and present thee with a robe like my own? The offers you make are not sufficient to tempt me, I replied; your riches I despise;— and the equality of command, you rank so high, is below my acceptance!

acceptance! But if the services my sword can render may purchase liberty, tell me in what time you will grant it; and what ransom you demand? It shall cost thee six thousand crowns at the end of ten years, during which period thou shalt serve me with fidelity. I agreed to his proposal, which must excuse my behaviour in the late action. My honour was pledged, and I could not dispense with the obligation; though my ardent wishes were in your favour. But *Heaven* inspired you with courage;—you forced *Dragut-Rais* to fly,—and have abridged the period of my captivity. I judged it imprudent to discover myself, as a wrong interpretation might be given to my being found in arms against my country. The opinion I have of the goodness of your heart,

heart, assures me you will answer my expectations by making a proper use of the secret I entrust you with.

I ESTEEM it a singular happiness, replied *Hyppolitus*, that without being intimately known to you, I am thought worthy of your confidence; a mark of esteem which I will never abuse; and I have the satisfaction to assure you, my dear sir, you could not have bestowed it on any person who has it more in their power as well as inclination to repay the favour, by informing you of joyfull and surprizing events in which you are extremely concerned.

HE then gave him a faithfull relation of all that regarded the lovely *Julia*; and though he did not

not declare his love, the passionate turn of his expressions, the portrait he drew of her charms, and the earl's recollection of the deep sighs and exclamations he had heard in the night, were evident proofs to him, that *Hypopolitus* adored his daughter.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



